

**C N CALLING**

The loss of gold is much,  
The loss of time is more ;  
The loss of honour such  
a loss  
As no man can restore.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

**KABBARLI**

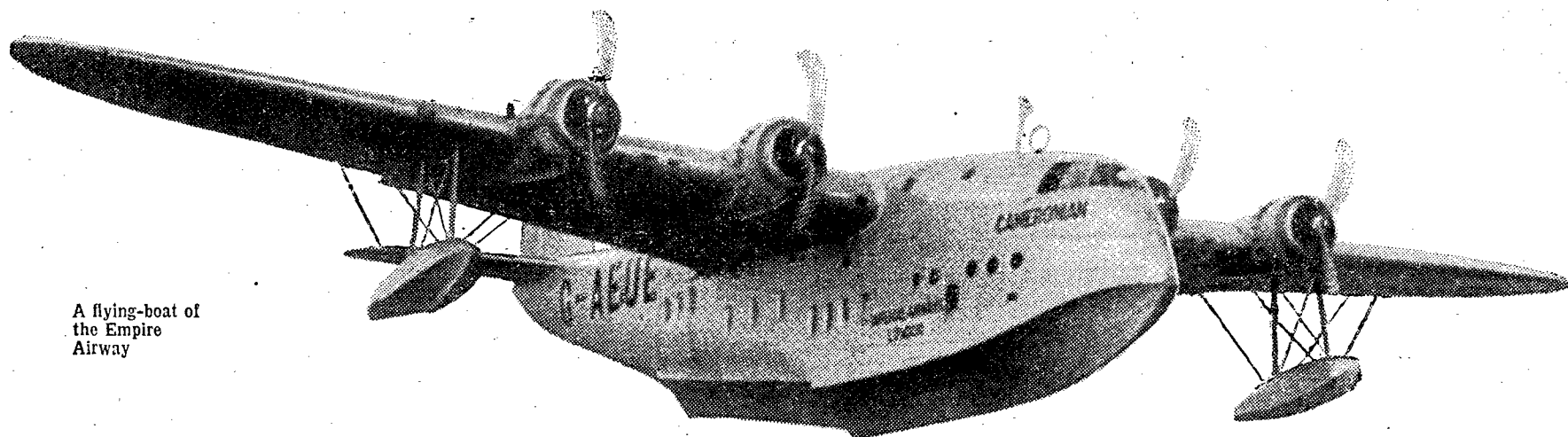
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## ALL-RED FLYING WAY ROUND THE WORLD



A flying-boat of  
the Empire  
Airway

### The Miraculous British Achievement of the Flying Age

SIR JOHN REITH left the B B C with infinite regret, and we must still regard his going as a loss to what the C N believes is the biggest organisation in the world.

But in leaving the B B C Sir John placed his wonderful mind and his energetic personality at the service of an organisation which is likely to rival the B B C itself in its supreme importance to the Empire and the world. We mean, of course, Imperial Airways.

We like to think that the proposed merging of Imperial Airways and British Airways is one of Sir John Reith's imperial ideas, and we are now to look forward to the speedy establishment of a British Air-Line round the globe. No country can compare with ours in peaceful achievement in the air. Our air services are at this moment engaged in the stupendous business of carrying 500 tons of Christmas mail in five weeks; but that is simplicity itself compared with the miraculous achievement of an All-Red Flying Way round the world.

#### Round the World in 80 Days

It is 66 years since Jules Verne told the world the story of a daring fellow called Phineas Fogg who declared that he could travel round the world in 80 days. Mr Fogg, a London clubman with a stove-pipe hat and magnificent Dundreary whiskers, had fixed a schedule which depended on his catching every train and every steamer, and most of us know from Jules Verne's Round the World in Eighty Days what struggles, excitements, and dangers this daring man encountered.

All this excitement seems rather unreal to us today, for we are about to see the complete encirclement of the globe by regular airlines which will be able to carry even less daring fellows than Mr Fogg round the globe by leisurely stages in about a fortnight.

This achievement of the Air Age is particularly gratifying, as it is planned

to make not only an international Air-Line Girdle, but also a complete Round-the-World system operated in every stage by the British Commonwealth of Nations.

At the end of last month it was announced that Imperial Airways had taken delivery of the Royal Mail air liner Champion, first of eight new 24-ton flying-boats which will be used on services across the Atlantic and the Tasman Sea, leaving only the crossing of the Pacific Ocean to complete the British encircling of the world.

Champion and her sister ships of the air will have as their first task the distribution of 500 tons of Christmas mails along the 30,000 miles of Imperial Airways services; but when this immediate task (the greatest undertaking in the history of mail-carrying) has been completed four of these new flying-boats will emerge as long-range air liners equipped with aviation's latest achievement, a satisfactory apparatus for refuelling in mid-air.

This will enable the great silver flying-boats to rise from the water loaded up to 20 tons (all-up weight) and then, the heavy job of the take-off done, to take on petrol to bring their weight up to nearly 24 tons. With this extra petrol they will be

able to hop off from the Shannon air base in Eire and reach Newfoundland and Canada easily with a load which will make Atlantic operations a sound business undertaking.

When the new Atlantic route is in operation (it is hoped next year) Imperial Airways and its associate companies will have a complete route from Bermuda to New York, through Montreal and Newfoundland to England, and then down the world's longest existing air route to Sydney. Even this service will be 17,305 miles long, but by the time the Atlantic service is established there should be another extension at the Sydney end of the route, 1360 miles across the Tasman Sea to Auckland. Three of Champion's sister ships have been set apart to inaugurate this service in the Antipodes, and they should be ready to begin their flights early in the New Year.

In the meantime Canada is helping toward the completion of a world girdle by the establishment of a line which will carry on the Atlantic service from Montreal westward across the prairies and the Rockies to Vancouver, an air-line distance of 2500 miles.

So we have in prospect these two British routes to the shores of the Pacific, while a third is the already

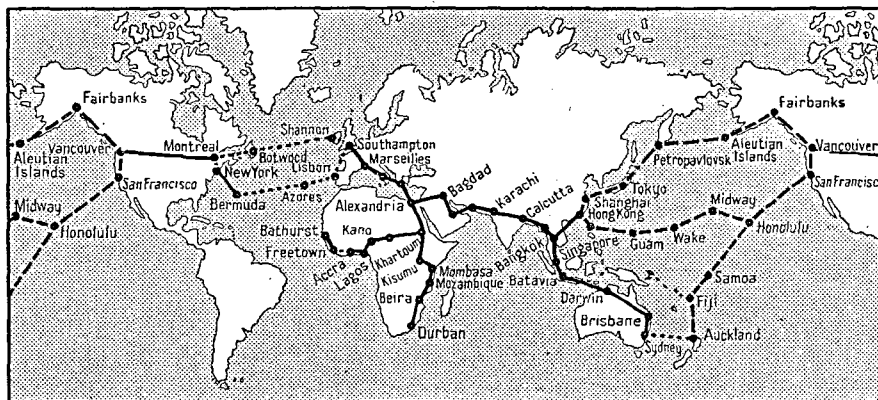
well-established service of 8600 miles from Southampton, through India and Siam, to Hong-Kong. The joining of these points by airlines across the world's greatest ocean presents many problems involving technical and political factors as well as the practical questions of whether services will pay, but it does not appear that these problems are insuperable.

#### Toy Balloons That Help

Men with rain gauges, barometers, and anemometers for measuring the surface winds have been working in the far places of the Pacific for many months to record the weather conditions which would affect the safe and regular operation of aircraft in this area. As in the early investigation of the Atlantic, men on ships crossing the Pacific have been sending up toy balloons to float away into the sky and reveal to the expert watcher the conditions in the upper air through which the aeroplanes would have to fly. Other experts have been examining harbours and lagoons in the coral islands and atolls of this romantic ocean to discover whether suitable areas exist for flying-boats.

So much has already been done on the spot, while the experts at home have been considering their maps and coordinating reports from the outposts of the Pacific.

It is obvious that as soon as more peaceful conditions prevail in China the benefit of direct connection with this great Imperial network should be given to such great cities as Shanghai and Tokyo and other parts of China and Japan by an extension of the service from Hong-Kong to Japan. It is obvious also that Tokyo is not a great distance from the western shores of Canada; and, apart from one or two short breaks, there already exist services linking the north American continent with the Orient through Alaska and Eastern Siberia. Some of them are irregular, some regular; but



How British airlines are covering the world—the solid black lines show where services are now in operation, dotted lines indicate services soon to begin, and the broken lines show possible routes of the future for Pacific services

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## THE TORTURE OF THE JEWS

### Barbarism Triumphant

Nothing since the Armenian massacres of 40 years ago, which brought Mr Gladstone out of his retirement to voice the moral indignation of the world, has moved the heart of humanity more than the appalling torture of the Jews in Germany.

Driven mad by the cruel treatment of his race, a poor demented youth in Paris attacked an official of the German Embassy there who has since died, and the German Government has avenged itself on all the Jews in Germany (550,000), allowing hooligans to burn their synagogues while policemen looked on, destroying their property, beating people in the streets, and at last issuing decrees of punishment which have never been equalled in history for senseless cruelty and pitiless injustice.

It has been decreed that:

All damage done by the hooligans must be made good by the Jews immediately.

All Jewish insurance policies are to be taken from them by the State.

The Jews of Germany are fined £84,000,000, in addition to paying for the damage.

All Jews are to be excluded from business throughout Germany.

No bankers must accept orders from Jews to sell securities for cash.

No Jews are allowed on University premises or in any of the State schools.

No Jew is allowed at a theatre, cinema, or concert, or at any function of the kind.

### No Admittance for Jews

Tens of thousands of Jews have been arrested, some set to work on fortifications. Jews have been compelled to sell their businesses quickly at low prices; one case is known of a big concern sold at a 500th part of its value. The concentration camps are filling up, and hundreds of lawyers, doctors, and bankers, and other professional Jews are being thrown into them. Boarding-house keepers have been compelled to display a notice saying: No admittance for Jews. Many Jews have had their telephone cut off, or their wireless sets seized. In one case a Jewish Rabbi is said to have been taken from his bed at three in the morning to watch the burning of his synagogue.

British newspapers containing this news are being seized. In order to give President Roosevelt a full statement of what has happened, the American Ambassador in Berlin has returned to Washington.

The Prime Minister has sent a strong protest to a statement in the German newspapers, controlled by the Government, suggesting that British members of Parliament, including Mr Churchill and Mr Eden, had something to do with the killing of the German Embassy official in Paris.

## The Jackdaw on the Field

Once again a jackdaw is in the news. This time on the football field.

Runcorn was playing Port Vale, and for over half an hour Runcorn attacked without scoring. Then Mr Jackdaw turned up, chased the ball, just missed the referee, and made three rapid visits to the Port Vale goal, where he perched on the cross-bar. Each visit was quickly followed by the Runcorn forwards, who scored three goals.

## Little Summer

St Martin's Little Summer has done its best and done it well. We have had sent to us by a friend in Wales wild strawberries gathered in November, and we hear of violets blooming in the south of England, raspberries gathered in a Norfolk garden, catkins still on the trees in the Cotswolds, and Red Admiral and Tortoiseshell butterflies fluttering in Wandsworth.

## Darby and Joan of Dundee

A C N friend in Bonnie Dundee sends us a photograph of two old folks at home, a Darby and Joan well known in that great city of millworkers, for Darby has been among them all his life, lending a hand to the poor of the city and unwearied in well-doing.

Also he has been a reader of the C N from its first number, and has never missed a week; our photograph shows him sitting in his garden reading it to his Joan.

In years Darby is 85, but in spirit he is of the C N age, which has not yet been fixed, but is somewhere between one and 101, though everybody knows that



to a C N reader years do not count, for it is the heart that matters.

We send our greeting to our old C N friends up in Dundee this week because they will be sitting in their garden or by their fire with friends congratulating them on the Diamond Jubilee of their wedding. They were married on November 28, 1878, and after a full life are as happy together and as keenly interested in the world as they were then. Joan is what we know she must have been to have kept so busy a Darby so well and happy all these years; and as for Darby, he is a J P of the city, a much-respected citizen, a tireless worker for the Church of Scotland, an old friend of all millworkers and poor folk, a great temperance man, and a man with the courage of his convictions and an unconquerable resolve to carry them out.

We have called them Darby and Joan as old friends of the C N, but to the great city of Dundee they are Mr and Mrs W. R. Scott; and we send our love to them on this happy day.

## FLYING ROUND THE WORLD

Continued from page 1

they have provided experience and a certain amount of the ground organisation which is essential for any airline.

It would seem feasible, therefore, that one way of completing the British encirclement of the globe would be by a continuation of a Hong-Kong to Tokyo service by way of the North Pacific.

Another extension has already been tried by the United States with a service from Hong-Kong through Manila to Honolulu and San Francisco, a route of about 8650 miles. Provided satisfactory arrangements can be made with the Americans, there would seem to be no reason why a British service should not use a similar route and link up with the Canadian system by a service northward from San Francisco.

Yet a third natural route seems to be one which would serve the British outposts in the southern islands of the Pacific. This would be an extension of the Southampton-Auckland service

## TRADE AGREEMENTS WITH AMERICA

### Our Friendship With Rumania

Agreements between the nations were a striking feature in last week's news. The most important discussed was the trade agreement between Great Britain and America, which should increase the prosperity of both these nations, and the trade agreement between America and Canada.

The visit of King Carol and his charming son Michael to England coincided with discussion in Parliament of the new trade agreement with Rumania. The royal visit should pave the way to further trade with this prosperous Balkan land.

Another event was the ratification of the Anglo-Italian Agreement after many months of delay.

## London Has a New Museum

London has a new museum; it is for electric lamps, and has been opened by Dr Fleming at the Edison Swan Electric Company's offices, 155 Charing Cross Road.

There are about 250 exhibits, including the first practical incandescent electric lamp made in 1878 by Sir Joseph Swan. It has often been claimed that this lamp was invented by Edison, but the fact is that Swan was a year before Edison with it.

The Swan and Edison companies amalgamated in 1883, and in 1887 lit up by electricity the old Savoy Theatre, the first theatre to use electric light. The museum has the first electric street lamp, and a lamp made as a portrait of Queen Victoria for the Diamond Jubilee.

## The Eel and the Leak

Surely one of the strangest stories of these days is that of the steamer Lord Cochrane, now in dry dock at Avonmouth. While at sea the ship was found to be taking in water fast. Pumps were set working and the inrush suddenly ceased, and when the vessel was examined it was found that an eel had blocked a leaking rivet hole.

The story recalls that of the British admiral who saved his sinking ship by pulling off his wig and stopping a leak with it, as Arthur Mee tells us in his little shilling book "Good Morning, Young England."

## LITTLE NEWS REEL

The dolls given to Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret by the children of France are to be shown to the public at St James's Palace for a fortnight from December 10, a small charge being made for charity.

The Livingstone Press is sending out a shilling Friendship Calendar of great interest to all concerned in missionary work, and of much value to world friendship.

Among those seeking relief from the Brighton Public Assistance Committee have been the wife of an admiral and two men whose fathers were Lord Mayors of London.

Seven Kent brothers christened in Rye church met last week in the church for the first time in 40 years.

Still more people are leaving Australia than are entering it; in the first six months of this year the excess of departures over arrivals was 1942.

A huge globe of the earth 18 feet in diameter set in a sunken pit surrounded by a circular platform is now used for simplifying geography lessons at a school for physically defective children at Swinton, near Manchester.

## THINGS SEEN

Four dishes of ripe raspberries picked at Kirton Lindsey in Lincolnshire this month.

A Japanese and a Chinese clergyman at a Communion service in Chester Cathedral.

Foxgloves in bloom down a leafy lane in the Cheshire village of Kettleshulme.

A rectory garden in Norfolk with 65 kinds of flowers blooming in the middle of November.

A blue-tit's nest with six eggs at East Grinstead.

## THINGS SAID

I myself could scarcely believe that such things could occur in a twentieth-century civilisation.

President Roosevelt on the Jewish-persecution  
Is it no concern of ours that Christianity is being deliberately stamped out of Germany?  
Bishop of Durham

It is appalling, frightening, and terrifying that the whole spiritual thought of the world should be subjected to the doctrine of force.  
Mrs Walter Elliot

It is one thing to give back colonies to a civilised community, and quite another to hand them over to such a domination as is illustrated in the news from Germany.  
Bishop of Chichester

Are these the people to whom we are asked to entrust defenceless human beings not belonging to their race?  
Mr Philip Guedalla

It is no use crying Peace and behaving like a mad dog.  
A C N Correspondent

Before going to the next world I am going round this one again.  
Bishop of London at 80

I used to read in the great library of the British Museum, and had the privilege of sitting next to Lenin.  
Mr John Masefield

Instead of a bath in every house we have the gas mask.  
An old lady in Cheshire

The teeth of this country are bad; you might almost say they are rotten.  
Minister of Health

## THE BROADCASTER

WOODBRIDGE in Suffolk has sold its German gun for 15 shillings.

THE Government proposes to buy £500,000 worth of radium for the cure of cancer.

THE King has given 77 acres of his park to the Windsor people.

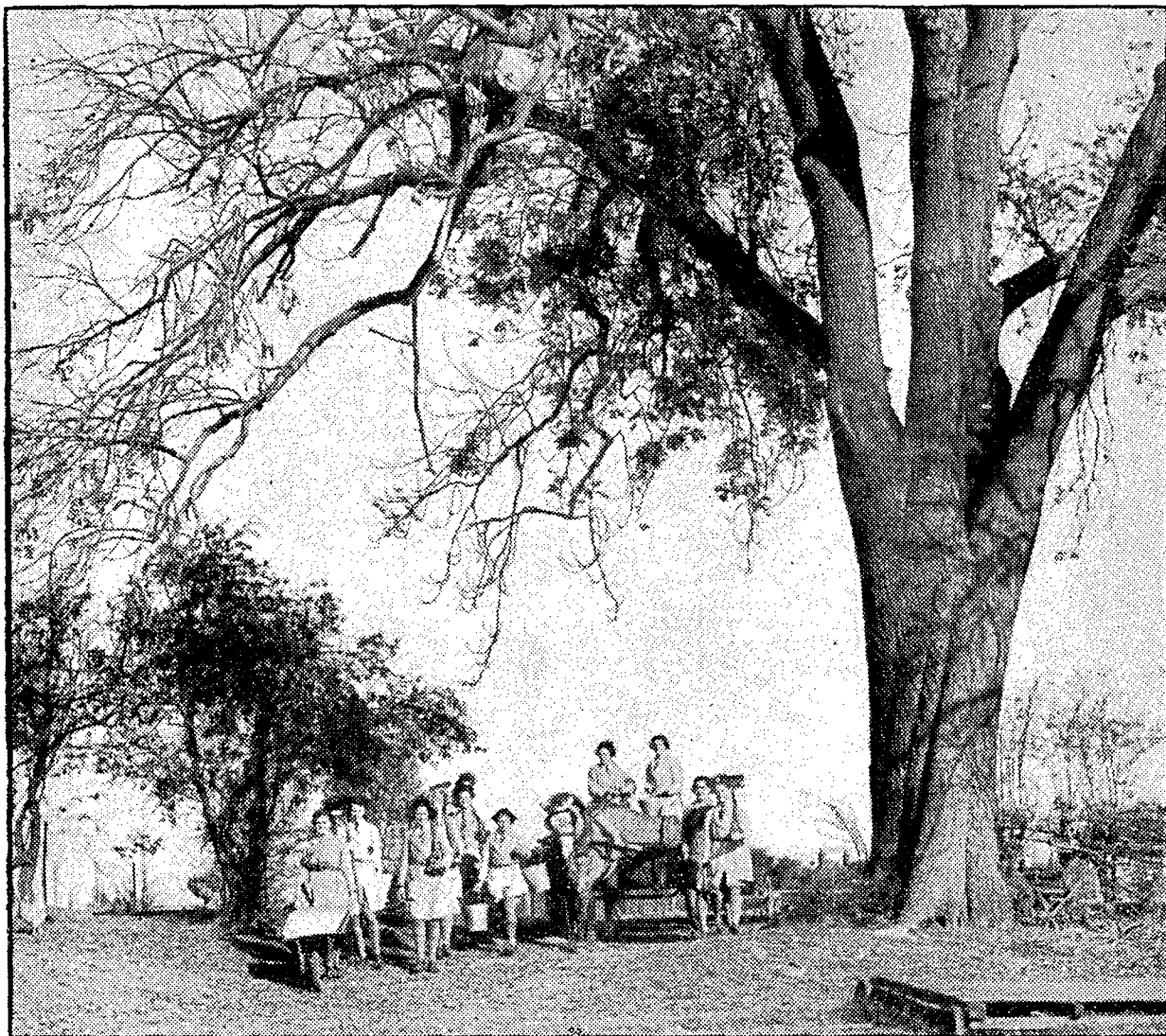


November 26, 1938

*The Children's Newspaper*

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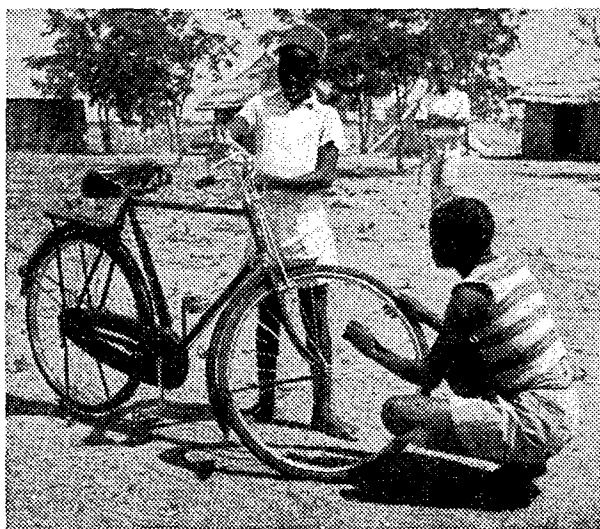
# Refugees in China • The Last Sail • November on the Farm



November Morning—A delightful picture from Hertfordshire showing students setting off for the day's work on a poultry farm at Welwyn



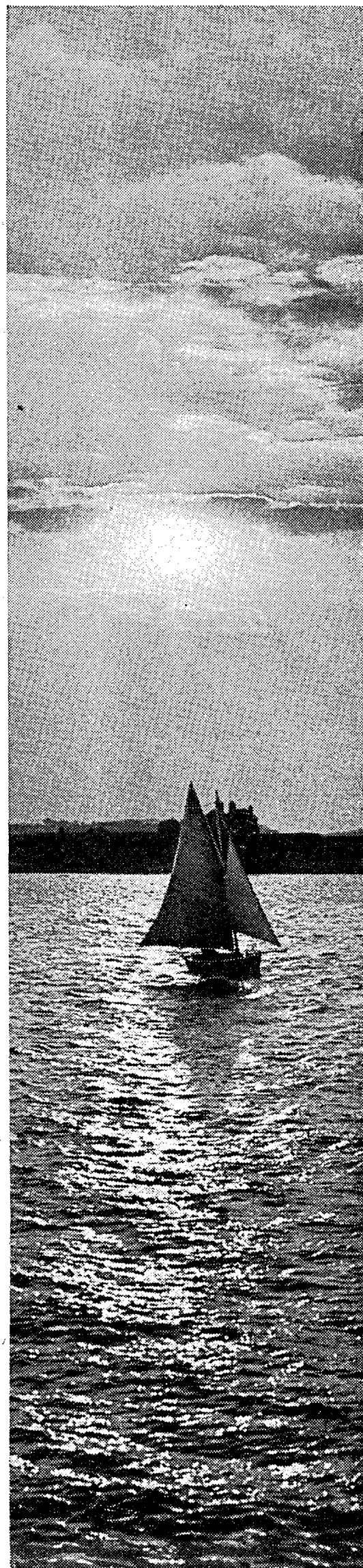
How to Look at a Picture—Manchester schoolgirls taking a lesson in art appreciation in the Central Art Gallery



Willing Helpers—To be allowed to clean their big brother's bicycle is considered a privilege by these boys of an East African village



China's Tragedy—A pathetic picture of a Chinese family from Hankow seeking refuge in the open country



Sunset—The last sail before going to winter moorings



## A BANKRUPT GENIUS

### The Tragic Story of Rembrandt

The National Gallery has just acquired one of the three famous Rembrandt portraits owned by the Duke of Buccleuch, the picture, painted more than 300 years ago, of Saskia, the lawyer's daughter whom he married and devotedly loved, but who, returning his devoted affection to the full, helped, against her will, to ruin him.

Their married life, which lasted less than ten years, was blessed with a son, for whose benefit Saskia left her little fortune, directing that her husband should have full control of the money until his death. Rembrandt's generosity to his friends and his invincible extravagance in buying rich and lovely things—pictures, armour, tapestries—coupled with a decline in the prices paid for his masterpieces, reduced him to debt. Moneylenders and others pressed upon him, and the law was invoked.

### Died in Poverty

Thereupon his son's trustees claimed the 20,000 crowns due to the boy, and to secure it Rembrandt made over his house to them. But for that claim he might have survived insolvency, but now his creditors acted and he was made bankrupt. One of the greatest painters in the world died so poor that, as was said at the time, "He left nothing but his clothes of wool and linen and his working instruments."

It was in 1669 that the grave closed over the bankrupt genius, and his bankruptcy was never annulled. After a lapse of 261 years a descendant of his son appeared before the Amsterdam Law Court and, declaring himself a student of Utrecht University, asked that the bankruptcy of his ancestor should be discharged.

He offered no money, but he contrasted the triviality of the artist's indebtedness at the time of his death with the enormous fortunes that have been realised from his works by publishers, authors, and art dealers; and, citing various precedents, pleaded for the rehabilitation of the great man.

### Law is Law

All the world thought the request would be granted, but no! The Dutch are justly proud of their immortal son, but law is law with them; there exist certain rules in their legal code which forbid a bankrupt's discharge without payment of the sum in which he was indebted. So, after considering the matter for nearly three months, the Court decided the application could not be granted.

Rembrandt died bankrupt, and bankrupt his estate remains to this day. His case was an anticipation of that of our own Sir Walter Scott. The charming lady whose portrait has now been added to our National Gallery, loving her husband with all her heart, was, as we see, involuntarily a prime agent in that disaster. Could she but have foreseen, there would have been no smile on the face which now looks out for all time upon us from this likeness of her that he so fondly and so proudly painted 303 years ago.

## Down From the Sky to Catch a Fish

While on its way home, bringing the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester part of the way back from East Africa, where they have had a delightful holiday, the Imperial Airways flying-boat Corinthian had to come down on the Nile at Malakal for fuel.

Here was an opportunity not to be missed, and, quickly baiting a fishing line, the duke opened a cabin window, let down the line, and soon caught and drew into the liner a fine trout!

## Octavia Hill Would Now Be 100 A FAMOUS WOMAN & WHAT SHE DID

WE are arriving at the centenary of one of England's famous women, Octavia Hill.

Her monument is about us everywhere, in beautiful places and open spaces preserved all over the countryside and in many of our towns and cities by the National Trust, for she was one of its first moving spirits.

The Housing Centre in Suffolk Street, near Trafalgar Square, has organised a centenary exhibition which we hope will introduce Octavia Hill to thousands who have not known of her, as certainly it will interest thousands more who know of her great work. The purpose of the exhibition is to show Miss Hill's deep concern with the foundations of movements for colour, space, and music for the people; for commons and open spaces and garden cities; for University settlements; for smoke abatement; and for the Charity Organisation Society.

There is in the exhibition a section showing how she began her work;

another section showing the growth of her housing movements and its spread all over the world; a section dealing with her own life and her friends; and another section of personal pictures and sketches and intimate things belonging to her. The exhibition has been opened this week by the wife of the Minister of Health, and it is to be made possible for it to travel about the country as a memorial of the wonderful woman who opened her eyes for the first time at Wisbech on December 3, 1838.



Octavia Hill

### Ragged Children

Daughter of a corn merchant and banker, Octavia had a wonderful mother and a houseful of clever sisters. Her life fell in pleasant places, and she grew up to be an energetic and affectionate girl with an artistic talent developing quickly. When still young she was in charge of ragged school children, whom she taught to make toys, and at her most impressionable age became acquainted with the wretched lives of the poor.

Before she was 20 she was secretary to classes for women held in Great Ormond Street, and a few years later she and her sisters started a school. It was about that time that Octavia learnt something of the homes of the very poor, and there was born in her a great longing to improve their houses so that life might be cleaner, sweeter, and more spacious. This eventually came to be her chief mission in life. Her painting

and drawing were set aside, and she took up social work.

She began with three houses in a court. She would never have had control of them had not John Ruskin advanced the money; but with his help she was able to buy the houses as they stood with the tenants in them, each wretched house with weekly lodgers, a family in a room. The conditions were appalling, but bit by bit she brought good out of evil, sweetness out of what had been shockingly insanitary. Her plans worked so well that a larger scheme was ventured upon, people investing money in what proved to be remunerative.

### Planning Good Homes

With Octavia Hill's guidance, and through her constant attention to details of planning and her never-failing oversight, it was soon found possible for her to take charge of more and more houses. She looked after the collection of rents, the repairing of damage, caring for the families, helping them to be self-respecting, even finding work when there was unemployment.

As time went on owners of property found that it paid them to put it into Octavia Hill's capable hands. It assured them of a better return for their money, and, on the other hand, she saw that tenants were happier than they had ever been before.

Work flowed in upon her like a flood-tide until it threatened to drown her with responsibility. She championed housing reform. She taught this country an altogether new system of house-management; and before long the system was adopted in America and in Europe, notably in Germany.

But her interests were far wider than housing. She was an ardent supporter of the work of the Charity Organisation Society; and was never tired of securing open spaces in and out of London, so that, however drab our streets might be, there should be some loveliness free for all. Little public squares and parks and wide spaces of hundreds of acres were dear to her, and it is this spirit in her which brought her lasting fame, for today she is best remembered as one of the chief founders of the National Trust.

Her busy and splendid life came to an end in 1912. By the altar of the little church at Crockham Hill in Kent sleeps this gracious lady who gave her life for 50 years to raise the physical comfort and renew the spiritual strength of men and women. We see her in grey marble on a dignified tomb as if she might wake in the morning; and it is fitting that this noble woman should lie in one of the most tranquil places in all Kent, with one of the county's widest views spread out at its door.

## For the Sake of Mallory of Everest

A word has come to the C N to recall George Leigh Mallory, Mallory of Everest, who passed from the world of men when on the threshold of victory.

His story, which the world will never forget, is told by Arthur Mee in writing of Mobberley in his book on Cheshire. Mobberley was Mallory's village, where his grandfather and father preached, and where there is a beautiful window to him, among other memorials of Mallorys.

He needs no memorial except the tale of what he did and how he died. He went forth with his friend Andrew Irvine to attempt a last dash to reach the summit from Camp Six, 28,000 feet high. He was not fit, and he was fretted with anxiety. But he was determined not to give up without one more effort. He left behind a brief note for Mr Odell, who was at the camp below, and he and Irvine started against all odds.

Odell was the last man to see them, and his words, recalled by Arthur Mee, draw a picture never to be forgotten, of

a tiny figure, disclosed when the cloud cap of Everest drifted away for a few moments, standing at the foot of the summit pyramid.

This is the tale that belongs to history, to England, and to Mobberley, but is treasured most of all by George Mallory's parents. One of them now writes to us.

Mallory's father is now rector of a small church in Cheshire at Dodleston. It has not Mobberley's wealth of carving, but its tower has stood since the 13th century. Now, writes Mrs Leigh Mallory, it has fallen on rather evil days. Dry rot has seized part of the structure of the tower and the nave.

Rather less than £150 is wanted to put all in repair and Dodleston has no rich people. It is a poor place. Only in the Mallorys is it rich—in memories. But if any would send something to repair the church they might like to think they were strewing a flower on George Mallory's unknown grave, and the editor hopes they will.

## JACK TAR'S DINNER

### Better Food For Our Mercantile Seamen

The sailor is so cheery and romantic a figure that we are all apt to regard him as the pink of health and fitness, sustained by the ozone of the breeze, by uplifting sea chanties, and the energising rhythm of the hornpipe. We live and learn.

It came as a shock a little while ago to hear from the Medical Officer for the Port of London that men of the mercantile marine are often badly and insufficiently fed, that a ship may have no cook, and that, rather than labour to cook a proper meal when tired after long hours of labour, the men pop something into a frying-pan, brew strong tea, and put up with that, so inducing chronic indigestion, which is rife among them, particularly as regards the crews of our coasting vessels.

Shipowners and members of the National Union of Seamen have now put their heads together and agreed upon a new diet that will revolutionise mealtimes aboard. Beef and beans have been a staple diet for men whether they sail the tropics or the Arctic. But sailors have fads and weaknesses like our own.

### A More Varied Diet

They love good cups of tea with plenty of condensed milk and sugar, and they are to have them, with some addition of cocoa and chocolate, and good honest butter to spread on their bread or biscuits; fresh vegetables when these can be obtained, to say nothing of eggs and fish, in exchange for their equivalent in meat, so many times a week; and, to balance things fairly, they will surrender some share of their jam and pickles to bring in variety by other things.

Diet on board ship has through the centuries been one of the sailor's chief grievances. We made sea history through the gallantry of seamen fed on nothing but sour beer, beef, and pork steeped in brine, and biscuits hard as bricks, and often full of weevils.

What brought the first change? Danger to England when Prince Rupert turned pirate during the Commonwealth and threatened to destroy our commerce with his ships. Admiral Blake added to the seamen's diet butter, cheese, vinegar, sugar, treacle, oatmeal, rice, bacon, currants, and prunes; and the dried fruit, but not the other luxuries, continued down to Trafalgar, when plum duff was still a luxury.

Nelson's sailors when on their long weary voyages used to make puddings by reducing their biscuits to powder and using that as flour, with an addition, whenever possible, of raisins.

### A Jubilee of Pasteur

Pasteur's monument is the health and hope he bequeathed to mankind.

The splendid Pasteur Institute in which he worked for seven years before he left his tasks behind him is fifty years old this month. It is a monument of another kind, and, thanks to the vitality he imparted to it, is as living now as when it lost his inspiration and his invigorating methods.

Since he went it has carried on in the spirit he brought to it. So capable he was that his methods are still practised there; so persistent was he in search of the new and the true, that those who have followed him have remained leaders of the sphere of research in which he was as a light before men. The Pasteur Institute is still the leading bacteriological institute in the world to which all others refer. Other great men have learnt of it, Lister who learnt of Pasteur himself, and Koch who gave a new method to bacteriology, and Roux who is one of the referees of such knowledge.



## A BRAVE THING TO DO

For 48 hours two sheep were trapped on a ledge overlooking a quarry near Bethesda in North Wales.

The ledge is over 60 feet above the quarry, and there is a sheer drop, so that anyone climbing up to it and missing his hold would have crashed to his death far below.

But this did not frighten Robert Davies of Bodorgan. He could not bear to see the sheep in distress, and at the risk of his life went to their rescue. No one could help him because of the weakness of the rocks overhanging the ledge, so the only thing left for him to do was to climb up from the quarry till he reached the ledge, crawling along it to the trapped animals. One of the sheep was injured, and Davies carried it to safety; then he helped the other to a spot where it could look after itself.



A slight repair by one of the few remaining bath-chair men of Bath

## SLUMS FOR THE WELL-TO-DO

The President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, Mr Goodhart-Rendel, is not a lover of the modern flat. He jested, in his Presidential Address the other day, about the speculative builders.

One of the main occupations of building speculators in the last decade, he declared, had been the provision of slum housing for the well-to-do. Countless people had poured in from spacious suburbia to the terrible zones of overcrowding in genteel London.

We see the advertisements of flats offered at high rents, and find that the rooms are cramped and badly lighted. £200 a year is asked for a few small rooms. To obtain rooms of any reasonable size £500 a year is demanded.

## A BADGER LEADS THE WAY

From Nevada comes news that a badger has pointed the way to a goldfield.

It seems that George Burris was out on the hills when he came upon a badger making a burrow. He remembered that badgers often dig in limonite because it is soft, and he also remembered that limonite sometimes contains gold. With this in mind he picked up a handful of soil the badger had turned out. He was sure it was limonite, and his quick eyes detected traces of gold in it. A sample was sent to the Bureau of Mines, and the assayers declared that it contained a fair proportion of gold.

Since then work has gone on with surprising rapidity, and now the gold yield is so high that the mine looks like being one of the richest in the country.

## THE BARBER'S SACRIFICE

Business was so bad for a barber in a little town outside Riga not long ago that the poor man, at his wife's end to know how to carry on, decided to make the great sacrifice of selling his beard by auction.

This was done in public, the local band playing dismal music while the beard was being shaved off, for it was a magnificent one 38 inches long. It was sold for a shilling an inch, and now the shop is the most popular in the district.

## Going to School in America

In many districts in this country children are taken to school in buses; this makes it possible for those who live in little places to have better schools.

But in America there is far more need of these school buses. Villages are often a great distance from each other and the old school-houses had a very hard task. The new hard highways and the coming of the motor-bus have made it possible for three million children in the United States to be taken to school. This costs a million pounds a month.

In thirteen States of the south there are 32,284 buses in use, and we have seen a picture of the buses in one county in North Carolina, 147 in all, and they

make a striking picture. It should be remembered that the General Education Board, a splendid Society which has spent immense sums of money for hospitals and schools and other good works, has given help to this task of carrying children to school.

We remember talking to a teacher in a lonely part of Michigan near the Great Lakes; in the summer holidays he sold petrol, in the rest of the year he taught a school of 25 scholars of all ages, and nine of them were Poles who, when they first came to school, knew little English. What a business it must have been! But the motor-bus and the hard high-road are changing all that.

## THE NEWSPAPER DOG

Peter, an Irish terrier, is well known and highly respected in Acton, where every day for eight years he has been associated with the newspaper world.

As surely as evening comes Peter goes off from the shop, trots to the station, sorts out a parcel of newspapers as soon as they are taken off the train, and returns with them in his mouth. When he comes to the busy crossing where the policeman stands he waits till the policeman holds up the traffic and waves him on; then he goes on his way and delivers his papers into his master's hand.

## FORGOTTEN

From a remote corner of Yorkshire comes this story of Farmer Brearley, who had been to market and was about to drive home again.

"Let's see, now," said he thoughtfully, looking over the parcels in the trap. "I've got my sack of meal, and my new fork, and my sheep-salve. I reckon that's the lot."

So he climbed up and drove off at a canter, but once or twice looked round and scratched his head. "I reckon that's all," he said uneasily; "I reckon so."

At last he drew rein at his own door, where his daughter looked up in astonishment and said, "Eh, Father, whatever have you done with Mother?"

## THE BEAUTIFUL ROSE GARDEN

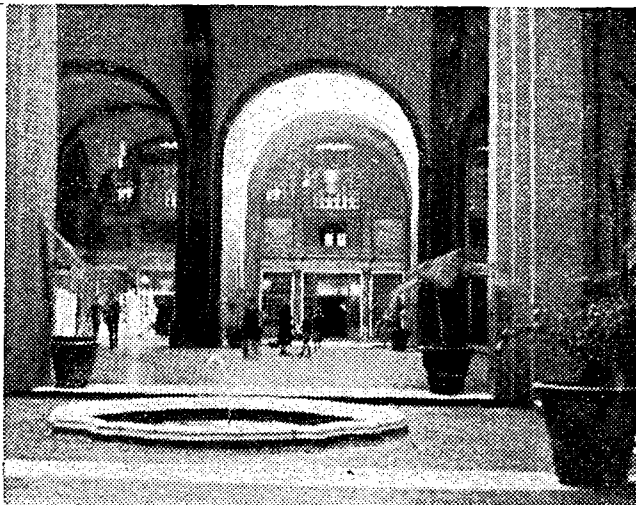
Rose lovers from all over the world are talking of the glory of the municipal rose garden in San José, California.

It has not always been a place worth noticing; five years ago it was a deserted orchard. Today visitors in April and May feast their eyes on a hundred thousand roses in full bloom growing round a pool. Every plant has been given by someone. Marvellous shades of copper, yellow, pink, and red blend harmoniously with each other.

In one part of the garden are roses that bring to mind the history of the world: the Damascene, which the Crusaders brought home from Damascus; the red and white Lancaster rose; the Viridefolia, which has green petals and green leaves and came from China, and fragrant pink Castilian roses which represent California.

## An Example For London

This imposing interior is actually the entrance hall of Johannesburg railway station, and it is in striking contrast to the great gloomy termini of the Empire's capital.



## WORKING ON RUBBISH

We hear of a man in Briercrest, a village in Saskatchewan, who has not had an idle moment during the last six years. He has been hard at work fashioning handmade furniture for his living-room. Now his task is finished and he can sit back and admire a suite which has only cost him £2, for it is made out of rubbish, odd bits of wood he has picked up here and there.

The suite is of inlay, and there is nothing like it anywhere else in the Dominion. It includes a fine rocking-chair, an armchair, a settee, table, cabinet, and grandfather clock. The cabinet is made up of 1499 pieces; the clock has 498 inlays and took 1274 hours to make. There are over 13,000 inlays in the whole suite, some of them so tiny that the patient worker had to make a drill out of a darning needle.

## VOORTREKKER STAMPS

Four South African stamps are to be issued next month to commemorate the centenary of the Voortrekker's penetration into South-East Africa. The designs are as follows.

1d stamp. A Voortrekker ploughing. Border of torches and wheat sheaves, symbolising civilisation and fertility.

2d. Showing how the pioneer's wagons were got down a mountain, by taking off the back wheels and lashing a thick tree trunk under the wagon. Two oxen pulled and the wagon slid down. Border of wagon-wheels and brake-chain.

3d. Signing of the treaty between the chieftains Retief and Dingaan. The border shows the assegai, shield, knobkerrie, wagon-wheel, and powder-horn.

6d. In the middle is shown the proposed monument to Retief. At the left is a wagon being pulled by oxen through the Orange River, while at the right the trek is descending into Natal.

## THE RED EGG

Since chicken farmers in Hungary started feeding their hens on paprika (red pepper) their egg sales have trebled.

It appears that the red paprika makes the yolks of the eggs a reddish colour. The colouring effects have created quite a sensation among housewives.

## ICE-CREAM FOR ONE

The most regular patron at a tearoom in Cape Cod is a wire-haired fox terrier.

Every afternoon this little dog comes trotting in, jumps expertly on to a stool at the soda fountain bar, places his paws on the counter, and gives two barks.

This is his doggy way of saying to the waitress, "Give me my usual, please." She knows what her unusual customer wants—a double helping of ice-cream, vanilla flavouring preferred; but before she gives it to him she takes the money from the purse tied to his collar. The terrier laps up his ice-cream with irreproachable neatness, barks his thanks, jumps off the stool, and runs home!

## ELEVEN MEN DID IT

New Springs, near Wigan, now has a fine social centre for unemployed miners and steel workers, about 180 of whom will enjoy its comforts and privileges. There are workshops, a bathroom, and a library; and it is interesting to know that the centre was built by 11 men who were otherwise unemployed.

## SAMARITAN SANDY

Sandy is a beautiful golden Persian cat, an excellent mouser, and devoted to his mistress; but he is a crusty old bachelor and dislikes other cats as heartily as he does dogs, soon sending them off if they enter his garden or try to hold concerts on its wall.

The other morning, however, he gave his mistress a pleasant surprise, for he proved that at heart he is really kind. He came in from the garden looking important and, running to the larder, mewed for his milk. His mistress set the bowl before him, but on seeing it full of milk he ran back to the garden and returned with another cat, a poor starving tabby, timid and bedraggled. Sandy coaxed it across to his bowl and stood by purring loudly while it hungrily lapped up all the milk. For several mornings Sandy brought his stray to breakfast, until, in fact, a kind home was found for it.

## A STRANGE CLAIM

Stradbroke Island folk in Queensland are faced with a difficult though rather humorous problem. Some months ago one of the inhabitants was greatly distressed when his farm disappeared as a result of erosion. Now he says the same piece of land has reappeared at quite a different part of the island, and he is taking steps to reclaim what he insists is his own property!

## 60 MILLION THREEPENNY-BITS

There are said to be about 60,000,000 of the twelve-sided threepenny-bits in circulation, but we rarely see one.

Indeed, it was long after their introduction before many numbers of the public encountered the coin in small change. At first it seemed that they were being treasured as souvenirs, but that can hardly be the case now. As there are ten million families in the land, the issue is now six a family. Where are they?

It seems to us increasingly evident (though we may be wrong) that people do not like this thick and rather unattractive coin.

## AIR-MINDED CANADA

Canada's aviation is making fast progress. Last year nearly eleven million miles were flown, as compared with eight million miles in 1936.

There was a great increase of air transport of freight, passengers, and mail to the mining fields in remote parts of the country. Large quantities of machinery and supplies for mines were sent to the North-West Territories, where districts rich in minerals have been opened up because they are now within a few hours' flying time from centres of population.

The many lakes in the northern mining country make good landing places for aeroplanes, with floats in summer and with skis in winter.



# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 26 1938



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



### The Short-Sleep Man

A BERLIN specialist who has Herr Hitler among his patients has been telling American doctors that the Fuehrer never sleeps more than four or five hours a night.

Perhaps this may account for something of the restless activity of Herr Hitler which so frequently excites and disturbs Europe. Shakespeare was for a man who slept long and well. He makes Julius Caesar say to Mark Antony:

Let me have about me men that are fat; sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights. Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look; he thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Herr Hitler is far removed from the lean and hungry-looking type, but we wish him better sleep, for his own comfort and for the peace and tranquillity of his own people and of all their neighbours.

### Thames Station

THE Post Office story we gave here the other week reminds a reader of another story, this time of a little boy who was brought to London and, when it was all over, complained sadly that he had not seen Thames Station.

His mother was much puzzled, and could only assure her little son that there was not such a place as Thames Station; whereupon the little fellow answered with great confidence that there must be such a place, for every night he said, before he went to sleep, *Lead us not into Thames Station.*

### Better Than Bomb Shelters

ONE of the worst disasters caused by bombing in the Great War was when a bomb struck a building in West Central London and killed 30 people sheltering in the basement.

There is probably, therefore, truth in the contention of the report of the Structural Engineers that a dug-out in the open is better than a cellar or basement.

We are able, however, to state very confidently what would be better still. One word conveys it—*Peace!*

And peace can be made—at a price so low that one is tempted to say that only lack of imagination can fail to prevent our perceiving it. The world is ready and waiting—for *someone to move*. Perhaps the move is nearer than we know.

### Why Not Use It?

ONCE more we hear that somebody has invented a silent pneumatic drill. Before it is invented for the third time will somebody please use it?

### Happiness in the Poky Places

I cannot imagine a greater happiness coming to me than to be well enough and free enough to just act "for nothing" all round England in little, dull, narrow-minded, poky places—the people to come in for nothing and for me just to try to make them bright and happy for a few hours.

Ellen Terry

## Despised and Rejected of Men

*We desire that England shall take no interest in the way in which we in Germany solve the Jewish problem.*

Dr Goebbels

As for us, we would rather that England should perish than that she should take no interest in the revival of Barbarism in the midst of Europe.

Pity the poor German Jew. Despised, plundered, persecuted, he knows not where to hide his head.

Germany, his native land, disowns him; every hand is raised against him, to thrust him down or thrust him forth. The end, which Germany scorns to hide, is to destroy him root and branch, having first taken his money: for Germany will do that; she will rob him before she thrusts him out.

But if the mailed fist is raised to crush the Jew in Germany the world's heart is being stirred to its depths at this foul wrong. A people cannot be crushed, but it is easier to drive a people like the Jews into exile than to stifle the inborn hatred of injustice and tyranny which possesses the hearts and minds of civilised people. The tidal wave of indignation at the treatment of the Jew is rising throughout the earth and it will sooner or later engulf his persecutors, if they fail to see the signs of it.

It is one of the mysteries of our time that Germany, the strongest nation in Europe, the most energetic and confident, and in her vast organisation the most

efficient, should at one and the same time be so blind to her own interests in destroying the Jew, and so blind to the injury she is inflicting on herself by arraying the world's opinion against her.

If there is some policy in the course she is taking the world is blind to it, but Germany is both blind and deaf to remonstrance and to reason.

If we speak of Germany here we do not mean the German people. If their opinion could be asked and freely given, nine out of ten Germans would be as horrified as any other humane people at what is being done in their name. The only explanation of it is contained in the



The Most Pathetic Figure in the World

German formula, *It is an order*

This organised brutality is part of a plan which is conceived and ordered by someone higher up; and the Germans, who owe their strength to their disciplined stubbornness, will obey the order from higher up without scruple or qualm of conscience. Thus it came about that at some order of the Secret Police, who are the rulers and controllers of public action in Germany, the Jews were set upon by Nazi hooligans without let or hindrance.

The German expression when applied to those who differ from them is that they will bite on granite when opposing the German will. But the will of the world is stronger than German obstinacy and ruthlessness. It is more enduring than granite, and Germany will find it out.

## Christmas is Coming

*Christmas is coming, and I see no reason why we should not prepare ourselves in a spirit of cheerfulness and confidence.*

The Prime Minister

IN September men were marching, Planes were flashing to and fro, Now the sword is in the scabbard, On to Christmastide we go.

Christmas markets, shops that glitter, Garlands, feasts, and lighted tree. Songs about a simple mother With a Baby on her knee.

From the silence in the stable, From the sweetness of the hay, From the Carpenter and Shepherd

Men may wander far away.

But however long the exile, And however far the fall, Men and nations keep returning To the simplest truth of all:

Though your ships and planes and armies Fill the earth and sky above, There is neither peace nor safety Till the world is ruled by Love.

Janet Farwell

## The First Silence?

A good C N friend in Belfast reminds us that that city held a Five Minutes Silence in 1916, on July 12; and "to prove it" sends us these verses published then in the Belfast News Letter, signed D. A. T.

How could we march Neath flower-decked arch While comrades fight and die? No drums resound, No flags unwound, Save those at half-mast high.

With tear-dimmed eyes, Neath weeping skies The city paused to pray; The arrested crowd, With heads low bowed, Thought of friends far away.

And all was still In mart and mill, And saddened hearts beat slow. The solemn bell For those who fell Gave forth tones deep and low.

For duty done, And honour won, We gave God thanks that day; Five minutes passed, And then Belfast Resumed its wonted way.

### The Gentle Hint

HIGH hats are in the fashion just now, and a kinema in America has discovered an infallible way of inducing ladies to take off their hats during a performance.

Before the film begins this notice is shown on the screen:

*The management wishes to spare elderly ladies any inconvenience; they are therefore invited to retain their hats.*

### JUST AN IDEA

*It is no use making long speeches in public and having a short temper at home.*

## Under the Editor's Table

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a weaver spins a good yarn

A MOTHER says she is always letting down her little girl's frocks. But her little girl never gets let down.

A MISCHIEVOUS boy turned on all the taps in the house. Someone should have turned on the boy.

ONE of the latest hat-shapes is called a shark's fin. For those who wish to be in the swim.

A NOVELIST says he would like to have a shot at a play. Hope he will spare the players.

A SLATE club is to share out partly in coal. The secretary mustn't get slack.

WE usually like to see ourselves full-face in portraits. Not half.

GAMES come between friends. Especially those played on a board.

SOMEONE wants to know how to get bats out of a building. Put a ball outside.

A SKATING champion has refused to go to Hollywood. Her reply was icy.

A MAN says his hobby is collecting jokes. He knows how to take one.



## A BETTER LONDON On the Instalment Plan

On the south side of the Thames a new riverside walk is planned by the L.C.C. to extend from Westminster Bridge to the new bridge at Waterloo.

Everything comes to those who wait. This new embankment, the natural development of the L.C.C.'s fine act in taking the County Hall over the river, displaces long-standing ugliness and will be the first instalment of the wider plan for pulling down Charing Cross Bridge, for which London has waited long enough.

We should have preferred to see old Waterloo Bridge left standing and Charing Cross Bridge first to go, but we cannot have all we want in dilatory London, and this is a good beginning. It is a nucleus of dignity and seemliness, and we may note that it starts from the nucleus already there in the County Hall. That has been for so long a striking contrast to the medley of warehouses lower down the river between the bridges that the L.C.C. could endure it no longer, and so has voted £1,000,000 to put the hideous frontage out of existence.

### The Riverside Walk

For general form the south side embankment will continue that now in front of County Hall, and be taken to an open space 100 feet wide below the new Waterloo Bridge, the southern approach to which will be widened to conform to the plan. There is a footway now in front of County Hall and this will become a promenade along the Embankment. As there will be no tram-lines on or near it, it will be a true riverside walk. South Londoners with their dogs and perambulators will be able to bask there in the sunshine.

A new road parallel with the Thames and touching the open space will be linked with other new roads to a widened Belvedere Road; and a roundabout where Waterloo Road, York Road, and Stamford Street meet will relieve the congestion of traffic inevitable on the Surrey side when the new Waterloo Bridge is opened.

The scheme is said to be so designed as not to shut out the construction of a Charing Cross Bridge such as might be a pride instead of a disgrace to London; but this apparently is not to be hoped for yet. There is no harm in hoping, all the same; and we shall not despair of seeing the bridge-breakers at work near Northumberland Avenue.

### By Train to the Tropics

The last link in the railway route from Boulogne to Basra should be finished in a few months, and it will then be possible to travel by train to the Persian Gulf, and on by sea to India.

Thousands of Bedouin Arabs have been at work closing the gap in the line in northern Iraq, and a day's ride by road will soon be unnecessary for through travellers. Passengers from Paris will only have to leave the train once, at Constantinople, to be ferried over the Bosphorus from Europe to Asia.

But the railways realise the immense advantage of land locomotion over travel by sea and air, and every opportunity will be offered to see the sights of the countries crossed. If the traveller wishes he can break his journey for 24 hours every 100 miles, and comfortable rest-houses have been built at several stations. The Taurus Express is now to run through Mosul, with the ruins of Nineveh just outside the town. Then on through Baghdad to Hillah, where one can take a taxi to Babylon, three miles away. Another 150 miles and the train reaches Ur Junction, only 20 minutes' walk from Ur of the Chaldees. It is a romantic route for the tourist, and a practical one for the business man.

## Come, Let us Reason Together for the Holy Land

*The Government being resolved to abandon the idea of Partitioning Palestine into two countries, hope is now centred on a conference between all the parties concerned.*

All the patience and perseverance the British character can command will be needed to establish a settlement between the Arabs and the Jews in Palestine.

The best way towards it is to bring the Arab and Jew together round a table, in the hope that they will agree between themselves on some form of settlement. It will not be final. It may not even be reached. But the discussion will be a better foundation for it than our attempts to find one which would satisfy both.

### Twenty Years Ago

When we first attempted a settlement, twenty years ago, it seemed simple. We had with British forces and Arab aid released Palestine from Turkish misgovernment. Having done so much it seemed to us that we could best restore the land's ancient fertility by fitting it out with new industries and a new industrious population. We selected for the settlers one of the most industrious peoples in the world, the Jews.

This ideal plan neglected two things. The first was that the Arabs who had aided us regarded Palestine as their land, and expected to receive it as the reward of their share in the conquest; the second was that, though they had disliked the Turk, he had not been much of a hindrance to their easy-going ways, and was of the same religion, whereas the Jew was in every way an alien.

In twenty years nothing has happened to smooth the antagonism. Every step the Jews have taken to bring prosperity to the places where they dwell has strengthened the feeling among the Arabs that the Jews are interlopers who, protected and encouraged by the British, will deprive the Arab of his birthright. The Arab is the descendant of Esau; to him the Jew is underhand Jacob.

### Good Neighbours

It is all but useless to argue against blind prejudice, as we may perceive in other countries than Palestine. But we do not think the Arab leaders altogether blind. There are shrewd, able, educated men among them, as adept at a bargain as any Jew. They know that in many Moslem and Arab communities, in Morocco, in Tripoli, in Iraq, in Syria, Jewish communities live in peace with their neighbours and are a benefit to the community. The difference is that in those countries the Moslems encircle the Jews, while in Palestine the Jew threatens to surround the Arab.

The Arab sees also that at present he has the worst of the bargain. The Jews, who number 380,000, own 310,000 acres, and these are not the poor acres of this land which flows with milk and honey. The Arabs, numbering 900,000, fear that they may be pushed farther and farther to the poor lands of Transjordan. They will never consent to any partition of

Palestine which, while seeming to establish the Jew beyond any protest or interference behind a wall where he is master of all he surveys, will not in reality prevent him from stretching a long arm beyond it.

Any cast-iron frontiers between the Arab and the Jew cannot be created in Palestine; but it should not be beyond the wit of the Arab to put forward a plan which will save his pride and his pocket. For this reason the Arab counsellors of all the region about Palestine should be asked to join in framing some sort of plan to which the Palestinian Arabs could agree, without putting either their pride or their hands into their pockets.

The Arabs are not a rich race; they are very widely scattered in poor lands. These territories extend from the south of the Red Sea to the north of the Mediterranean and eastwards towards Iraq.

The largest single Arab kingdom is that of Saudi Arabia over which King Ibn Saud has consolidated his rule, and is the most powerful and able personality among Arab rulers. The Arab States of which he is the virtual suzerain are the Yemen, of whom the King (or Imam) is Zaidi ben Hamid ed Din; Oman, whose Sultan is Saiyid bin Taimur; and Kuwait, under Sheikh Jabir al Subah.

### At the Council Table

Iraq has for its King Ghazi, son of Feisal; Transjordan is governed by the Amir Abdullah Ibn Hussein, son of King Hussein. Syria and Lebanon are republics lately under French mandate. Their populations, which are mainly Arabic, at any rate in language and religion, include Turks, Kurds, Circassians, Armenians, Persians, and Jews.

These are the communities and these the rulers, who should be summoned to the Council Table. Among such a multitude of counsellors surely some wisdom should be found. In a greater or less degree their advice, if they can be prevailed on to give it, should be impartial; and it would reflect, also in a greater or less degree, the attitude of the Moslem world, among whose followers are 60,000,000 Indians.

Such advice must have weight among the Palestine Arabs, and even the irreconcilables among them, who have fought the British Government of Palestine tooth and nail, could ignore it only at the risk of isolation. Yet it should be remembered that in all rebellions it is the irreconcilable, rather than the moderate, who must be brought to see reason. It would be unwise and perhaps disastrous to exclude from the conference those Arab leaders who have stirred up rebellion. They must be able or they would not have succeeded as well as they have done. Let us make the enemy serve as witness. The men who have caused the trouble are known to the Government. Bring them in to tell what they want and why. It can do no harm, and it is better to grasp the nettle than to hope that it can be ignored.

## Old Man Senau

Old Man Senau of Bechuanaland is coming to town. His old bones will remain where they have carried him in Africa for 125 years, but his voice will travel to us on the gramophone disc.

When, some time ago, Mr John Harris of the Aborigines Protection Society announced that there was an aged Bechuana of 140 years in South Africa few people really believed it. But a scientific expedition sent out to find what his age actually was found that the claim was true, though others took 15 years from the total.

To settle it more satisfactorily a party of the Paramount Chief Tshkedi Khama, educated men of considerable attain-

ments, accompanied by Revd J. M. Burns of the London Missionary Society and officials of the South African Broadcasting Corporation, went up to see the ancient gentleman, and take down what he said.

They had interviews with him about his early days when as a warrior he fought for the dreaded Chaka, and later for the last of the Zulu chieftains, Lobengula. They took it all down on the gramophone, and as this remarkable old warrior cannot have invented it all we shall be able in London to hear him tell of old, far-off things and battles long ago when George the Third was King and Napoleon overrunning Europe.

## FRANCE AT THE CROSSROADS

### M. Reynaud's Plan to Save Her

The new French Minister of Finance, M. Paul Reynaud, is leading his country in a heroic effort to save France by their own exertions, and by so doing to save a civilisation which is of supreme importance to the world today.

For France, so long an example to the rest of the world in hard work, prudent saving and spending, and sound common sense, has been slipping down from her high place and is dangerously near financial collapse. Until M. Reynaud stepped into control, after long years of criticism and warning, French statesmen have been too timorous to tackle their problems boldly through fear of offending powerful sections in the community.

### All Classes Affected

The grave state of Europe, however, has now called the attention of all classes to the precarious economic position of the State.

All classes will be affected by the series of decrees issued by the new Finance Minister, who is working on a three-year recovery plan. By drastic economies the Government is to check wasteful expenditure. By increasing both direct and indirect taxation it is at last to make an effort to balance its Budget. By revaluing the gold reserve it is paying off to the Bank of France £175,000,000 of the £300,000,000 owing.

The income-tax is to be increased by a further five per cent, fares on trains and buses are to be increased, and the expenditure on local government is to be reduced. All public works planned but not started are to be cancelled, a saving of £16,000,000. About 40,000 railwaymen are to be dismissed.

### Industrial Revival

This does not mean that they will become unemployed, for the serious decline in industrial enterprise is to be checked. It must have come as a shock to many Frenchmen and to their friends in Europe to learn that French exports are now half what they were a few years ago; that her iron production is only a quarter of Germany's, though in 1933 it exceeded Germany's output; that goods traffic on the railways is a third lower; and that building activity has declined most seriously.

A country in this position, declares M. Reynaud, can no longer afford a five-day working week, a week with two Sundays, and this 40-hour week (newly established by the Blum Government) is to be lengthened, but the payment for the extra hours is to be ten per cent higher, and there is to be an additional tax on profits made during these hours.

Working longer hours and the return of enterprise among the employing classes, added to the increased activities on armaments, should, M. Reynaud thinks, absorb the unemployed and make possible the increased output of 30 to 40 per cent which is necessary if the country is to pay its way.

### Return of Confidence

It is to be hoped that these drastic measures, and the grave appeal to the proud spirit of the French people, will lead to a return of confidence, the lack of which has been at the bottom of the trouble in the last few years. With a return of confidence the huge sums of money which have been sent out of France by rich citizens will be brought back and used for her benefit.

The chief advantages of this drastic plan for saving the country are that it still recognises the freedom of the people to develop under their present economic system; should it fail, the alternative will be State control of finance and industry. With that would go much of the freedom the French nation now enjoys.



# Kabbarli, the Solitary Spectator of a Vanishing Race

One of the books that will be widely read this winter is the remarkable volume by our friend Mrs Daisy Bates, for years the C N correspondent in the vast lonely spaces of Australia.

Again and again we have printed her stories, written in her tent on the edge of Barbarism; now she has told her tale for the great world to read, and it is one of the most astonishing books

written by a woman. We have asked a scientific contributor to read it and write of it for us, but here we give the introduction to the book which Arthur Mee has written for his old friend. The review of the book itself (*The Passing of the Aborigines*, published by John Murray at 10s 6d) will appear next week. This is the story of Daisy Bates and her life in Australia's lonely spaces.



Daisy Bates writing

ON the fringe of the vast island continent of Australia live a few millions of white people; in the vast desert regions far from the coast live a few thousands of black people, the remnant of the first inhabitants of Australia.

The race on the fringe of the continent has been there about a hundred years, and stands for Civilisation; the race in the interior has been there no man knows how long, and stands for Barbarism. Between them a woman has lived in a little white tent for more than twenty years, watching over these people for the sake of the Flag, a woman alone, the solitary spectator of a vanishing race. She is Daisy Bates, one of the least-known and one of the most romantic figures in the British Empire.

She has left these poor people whom she counts as her children and has come back to civilisation for a little while to write this story of her life among the Aborigines on the rim of the great Nullarbor Plain. She has given her life and her heart to this dying race, the first people of our southern Dominion. She has done it for the love of humanity and for England. She has neither sought fame nor found it. She has made no money by her long life's work. Through all these years she has been alone, cut off from the world, with only these strange, backward, hopeless people to give her a little human society now and then. There is in her life something of the spirit of service that moved Florence Nightingale, and something of the spirit of sacrifice that filled the heart of Father Damien. She would not put it so, for she has loved her life and made a joy of her labour; but it is right that this tribute should be paid to Mrs Daisy Bates.

She was the daughter of an Irish family, and came over to London in those far-away days when journalism was a noble business and Fleet Street was excited by the doings of a young man named Stead. Daisy Bates joined his staff. She was a keen observer, a woman with scientific knowledge and a gift for languages, and she began her working life in the glow of that great spirit who stirred and entertained all London in his day. He lies in the bed of the Atlantic with the ruins of the Titanic about him, while the Irish lady on his staff sits in her tent on the banks of the Murray River, looking back on those few years at the hub of the world and her long years alone in the Australian wilderness.

## Kabbarli and Her Friends

She went out to her Aborigines in the first years of this century. She found them decreasing in numbers with the coming of the white man, their root-foods ploughed up, the tracks to their water-holes disappearing. She had forty patients on her hands and pulled everyone through. She kept them tranquil and cheerful in their bush shelters, sat by their sick beds listening to their tribal stories, joined with them in praying to their totems when they wanted rain. They had never known anyone like her. They named her Kabbarli, grandmother.

It happened that her husband died, and Mrs Bates, left with a cattle station and thousands of cattle, decided to dispose of her property and to interest herself in these people. She decided that the only way to help this dying race was to live with them, and she travelled to wherever she heard of natives gathering. She made herself known to all these

wandering tribes. Five times she pitched her camp along the edge of the Plain which none of these Aborigines had dared to cross till Edward John Eyre crossed it in 1840; and her fifth camp was in the sandhills of Ooldea, which she reached when the Great War was raging in Europe. There she stayed, living a mile from the transcontinental railway in a tent and a shed made of boughs, ringed round by a high breakwind. Here she passed from her prime to old age, walking a mile a day when she was over seventy years old to get water, and carrying it back to her tent, where she would spare it for the birds though the thermometer was 112.

Sitting at her tent she would receive these wandering tribes, little regiments of them coming one day from nowhere to nowhere, another day in search of revenge for some blow struck at them by another tribe ahead. She would greet the little ragged processions (ragged or naked, as the case might be) as the one friend they had in the great world beyond their reach. They would come to her with the confidence of a child in its mother, yet like creatures from another world than ours. I shall never forget her writing to me that a woman she had had for tea at her tent had eaten her own child. More than once the last member of one of these tribes has died in the arms of Daisy Bates.

"Where am I going?" asked one of these pathetic dying people; and we may wonder if anything could be better than Kabbarli's answer: "My Father is where you are going." All fear was gone. "Your Father, Kabbarli? Then I shall be safe." Between her mind and theirs was

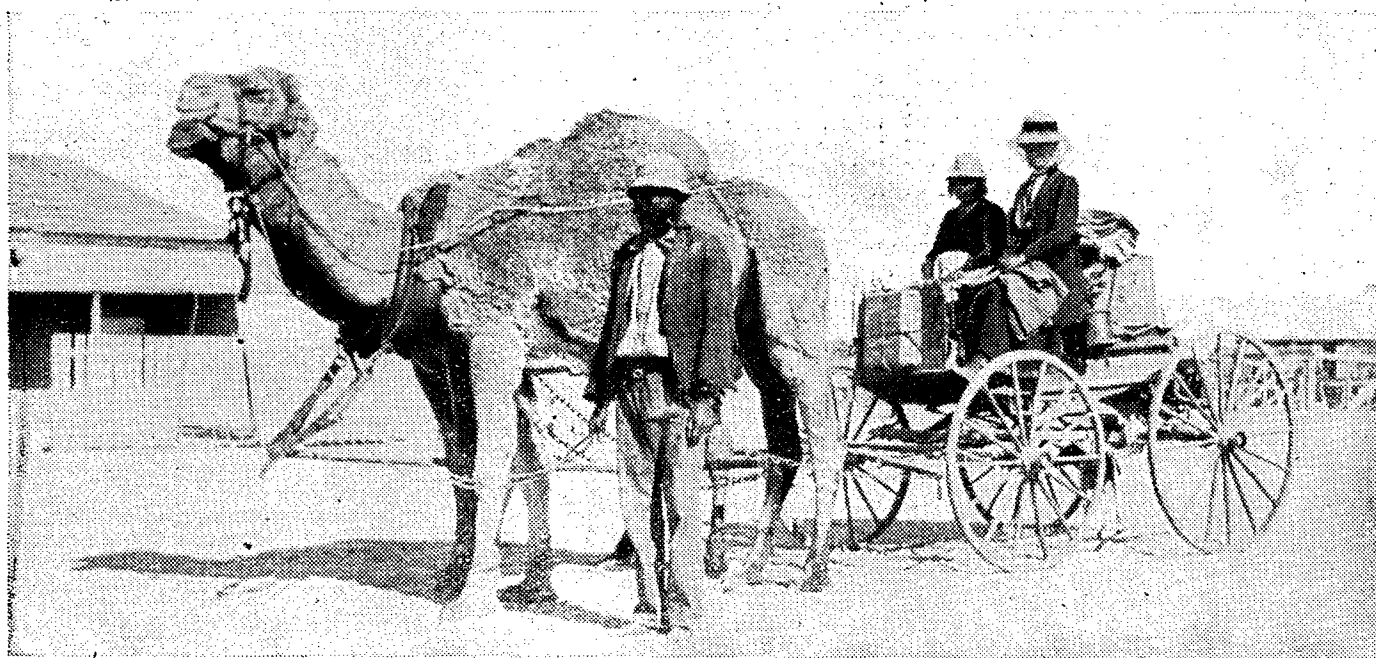
the gulf that only many generations can bridge—she with a deep love of humanity, a mind filled with dreams, and her heart stirred with a passion for England; they with the primeval emotions of mankind, to whom the railway train puffing steam is the great white snake, in whom the spirit of the cannibal is not yet dead. To her the most pathetic memories of her life are the sights and sounds of England, the primroses and the church bells, the green fields and the song of birds, the wild rose in the hedgerow, the little church at the end of a country lane, and the harvest field; but for a generation she has not seen these things, and will not now. She has chosen, instead, to be the last friend of the last remnant of this dying race.

She knows them as they know themselves. She knows their languages, their rituals, their traditions, their capacities and their incapacities, as no white man or woman on the earth knows them. She can talk to them in 188 dialects. They have invited her to ceremonies which their own women may not attend, and have admitted her into their tribes and put their sacred totems in her keeping. She is a magical figure to them. She can quell a squabble with a word or a look. They come to her hungry, and she feeds them. They come to her naked and she clothes them. They come to her sick and she heals them. She belongs to no church, no mission, no creed; she has been a woman alone befriending these poor people, ruling them not by law but by the simple directness of character, the power of a personality which has no room for selfishness and seeks no end but the happiness of others.

## A Dying Race

If we ask what it is that she has had in view through all these years it is the thought that England, with these people in the shelter of the Flag, owes something to them. Their race is bound to disappear—it is about 60,000 strong and does not grow like the proud Maori race of New Zealand. It has been her idea that their lives should be controlled and cared for with that fact in view. They should be left as free as possible, to pass from existence as happily as may be. She has wanted to save them from the worst effects of casual contact with the fringe of civilisation. In their way they are pure and simple folk, and she has come to love them. She has a strong belief in British administration, and has always wanted a King's Man to look after these people.

It is for this end that she has lived the life of a heroic woman, labouring in solitude in a climate often parching



Daisy Bates with her Blackfellows—a ride in the desert



# THE MARVELLOUS WAY OF A SPIDER

WE have been much interested in one of the natural history films now being shown; it tells a story of a spider which is almost too wonderful to believe.

Our grandfathers used to think science had reached the final goal of achievement with its air-charged bell enabling divers to enter the water, to breathe, and to remain below while important operations were carried on. But spiders, without the aid of smith, furnace, or hammers, had been doing that for ages with diving bells of their own making, fashioned out of their own substance, fixed beneath the water by natural cables, to serve as home, fortress, and nursery.

The water-spider, the author of this wonder, is one of the supreme marvels of our ponds and sluggish streams. Within its body is a store of viscous matter resembling in consistency the gummy interior of a mistletoe berry. All web-spinning spiders are provided with similar material. When this gummy substance is forced through the spinnerets into the air it becomes silk, a beautiful substance, light as air yet stronger than steel. That conversion of a living gum into silk is itself wonderful enough, but the creator of the natural diving bell has to form its silk when actually under water.

## The Spider's Stairway

The spider does not dive, but uses the stems of the growing vegetation as stairways down into its deeps, running up and down them as we run up and down ladders. Arrived below at the requisite depth, it throws out various strands of web to serve as supporting beams and anchoring cables. Then it spins a lovely dome of silk, varying in size from an acorn to a walnut. Its task of weaving is of short duration; a tiny collapsed balloon floats mouth downward beneath the water, kept in position by its guide ropes of silk. But now it must be filled with air brought down from above.

Up the stem runs the spider; then she springs off and floats on her back.

and only rarely bursting into beauty, seeking to succour a noisome race, melancholy in outlook and terrible in habits. For a little while she has left them. For a little while she returned to civilisation to set down this story, and, tiring of city streets, she has set up her tent once more on the banks of the great Murray River where years ago these people made their home. She has found their old haunts deserted with not a native left.

Perhaps she may return to them; perhaps not; but still she dreams that the Empire will not fail this human remnant in its keeping. Still she is buoyed up by the belief that a man, a right man, a King's Man, will some day be appointed by Australia to take charge of these children of a race which inhabited Australia before the white man heard of it, and are dying out not knowing how wonderful life is. To us she is Daisy Bates, Commander of the Order of the British Empire, the most remarkable woman in Australia. To them she is the magical Kabbarli, whose word is love and law, and whose life is swayed by the spirit of the Master whom she serves.

ARTHUR MEE

With a quick kick of her hind legs she compresses air and forms a bubble. With this she descends, looking like a little globe of silver as she goes. Reaching the lower part of her bell, she thrusts herself into it, and with a movement of her legs releases the bubble of air she has brought down. It rises in the bell, which it begins to inflate, forcing out some of the water. Up she runs again to catch a second load of air, and she must make a dozen journeys before her balloon is fully inflated.

When the last bubble is forced home there is the most perfect little dwelling imaginable, all shiny silk, taut, and moored in perfect security beyond the reach of disturbance on the surface and free from intrusion by the creatures which frequent the film of the water, or from those which dip from the air to snatch a meal from the water.

## Her Castle of Silk

Her work of art becomes the spider's home; in due season it will be also her nursery. Her journeys to the surface now are in search of food, and for this she ranges far, even leaving the water and tripping about in the vegetation by the side. But the domestic instinct is strong in her, and she always dines at home. With an insect in her mouth she reaches her scaffold, runs nimbly down, enters her gossamer castle, and there enjoys her meal. She sleeps at home too, but not quite in the way which would suggest comfort to us. She hangs in her bell head downward, with the water perhaps touching her, but her breathing tubes are elevated into the air in the upper part of the bell.

There is no likelihood of her exhausting oxygen supplies. The air in the dome is compressed by the weight of the water surrounding the silk, so that respiration is not so rapid as with air under ordinary atmospheric pressure. With each journey from above, too, the spider renews supplies of air, so that never can arise a question of shortage, in summer at any rate. In winter there is not this frequent renewal. Like a drowsing sphinx the spider broods there, comatose, as fast asleep as a hibernating hedgehog, hardly breathing at all.

## A Submarine Nursery

Meanwhile it is summer time with this wonderful submarine builder. Up aloft on the surface of the water her timid little mate keeps watch. He never comes down to share the comfort and splendour of her castle unless by chance she brings him down to make a meal of him. Nursery cares, like the building of the home, are entirely hers. She lays her hundred eggs or more, spins about them a cocoon of silk, and hangs this up at the top of the dome.

There the young ones hatch, air-breathing creatures which never see the naked light of day until they are able to climb out of their silk birthplace, leave the castle of gossamer, and follow their mother up the runway to the air, never to return. They must make habitations for themselves and repeat by their own endeavours the wonder which their mother has wrought for them.

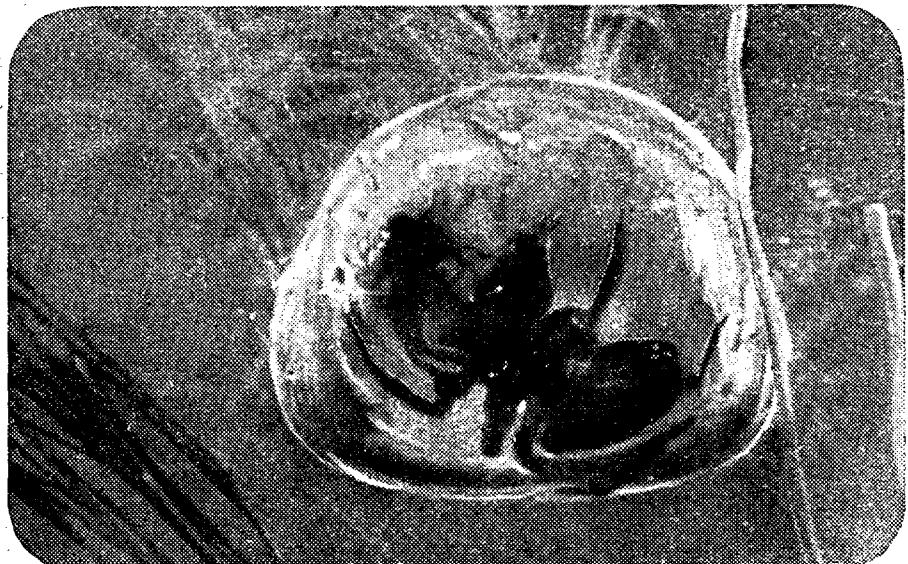
All this seeming wizardry is a commonplace of quiet English waters; we may discover and watch it for ourselves on any summer day in almost any pond.



The water spider, with air bubbles adhering to its body, approaches the little diving bell



The spider's way into its underwater home



Safely inside the little air bell the spider enjoys a meal. Its insect victim is on the left



Mrs Spider watches her babies set out along the weed stalks to the great world above

These pictures are from the remarkable Gaumont-British Instructional film Over and Under



## JUPITER IN AQUARIUS

### The Glory of Its Cluster of Suns

By the C.N. Astronomer

The presence of the brilliant Jupiter in the south-west sky in the evening provides an opportunity for exploring the constellation of Aquarius, for Jupiter, now in Capricornus, will cross the astronomical "line" into it in about a week's time.

Jupiter's westward retrograde motion, which has lasted for several months, is now reversed and he is speeding eastward, the arrow on the star-map indicating the extent of his journey (43 million miles) during the next two months when he will remain visible. At present he is about 475 million miles away and is rapidly receding, as our world leaves him behind. He is actually rather more than 100 million miles farther off than on August 21, when he was so exceptionally near.

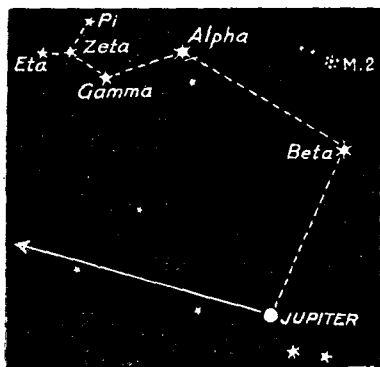
#### The Luckiest Star

Aquarius, the celestial Water Bearer of ancient mythology, possesses very few bright stars, and they are spread far apart over a very wide area of the southern sky, but by means of Jupiter the chief of them will be easily identified from our star-map.

Beta, the bright third-magnitude star, is also known by its Arabic name Sadal Suud, meaning "the luckiest star," a designation which went one better than Sadal Melik, "lucky star," applied to Alpha. Beta is remarkable for its immensity, radiating about 800 times more light than our Sun, though relatively faint because this star is 25,750,000 times farther away. Its light takes 407 years to reach us, as compared with about eight minutes from our Sun.

Alpha, about 362 light-years distant, radiates about 650 times more light than our Sun. Both these stars are very similarly constituted, being of the G type, and so with a surface temperature about the same as our Sun, between 5500 and 6000 degrees Centigrade.

Gamma in Aquarius is barely 51 light-years distant, and is one of an interesting group of four stars which indicate the



The chief stars of Aquarius in relation to Jupiter, whose path for the next two months is indicated by the arrow

Watering Pot out of which Aquarius is pouring the River Eridanus, and apparently providing the celestial ocean in which there are so many marine constellations in this part of the heavens.

Zeta, slightly above fourth magnitude, is of particular interest in being composed of two suns easily seen through a small telescope. Though appearing very close together, actually an enormous distance separates them; and it has been calculated that they take 1624 years to revolve round their common centre, so immense is their orbit. They are 251 light-years distant from us.

One of the chief glories of Aquarius is the magnificent globular cluster of suns known generally as Messier 2, from its number in Messier's famous Catalogue. It is indicated as M2 on the map. There, situated in a very lonely and starless region of the distant heavens, is a collection of several thousand suns of every

## THE BEST GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

### Books Beat Them All

Books for Christmas are not to be beaten; they have a lasting value beyond all Christmas cards and toys. This year the familiar annuals of the Amalgamated Press are out again and make a gay array in the shops.

Among the books for boys which are always favourites is Chums Annual, at 8s 6d. It is a big handsome volume, with fine colour plates and scores of other illustrations. There are adventure stories and many interesting articles. Everything seems to be dealt with—pioneering, adventure, sport, treasure-hunting, sea episodes, and air perils.

Another fine book is The Boy's Book of Mechanics and Experiment (6s). It is full of splendid full-page photographs and explanatory drawings of all kinds of modern machinery, and makes clear the working of the automatic traffic signals, the steering gear of a great liner, the modern electric lift, and so on. But what will perhaps please mechanically-minded boys most is the number of working models described, which can be made at home for a few pence.

For girls perhaps the favourite is The Schoolgirls' Own Annual (6s), crammed with splendid stories by well-known writers, and many fascinating articles. It is profusely illustrated.

#### For the Little Ones

For younger children we can recommend The Golden Fun and Story Book (2s 9d). It is full of pictures, many coloured, and tells the adventures of Dicky Duck, Ben the Bosun, and others. Another fine book for little children is The Fairyland Annual (3s 9d), with its many coloured pictures, and stories of the Sleeping Beauty, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, and other nursery favourites, all splendidly illustrated. The Children's Bedtime Book (3s 9d) contains 365 go-to-bed tales, one for every day in the year.

Older boys and girls will welcome The Book of the Great Adventurers (6s). It is magnificently illustrated, and tells the thrilling experiences of people like Lawrence of Arabia, the great adventurers of the air (including Jean Batten), and the men who opened up Australia.

## Beauty Week

The American city of Rochester is proud of having the biggest collection of lilac in the world.

For 46 years it has been adding to its collection by buying and exchanging, and now it boasts over 1000 shrubs, with 384 kinds of lilac.

When the lilac is in all its glory a week is set aside, known as the Lilac Festival, and 100,000 people a year flock from far and wide to see the city's pride.

Continued from the previous column

type, all assembled in a globular mass denser toward the centre, and from which swirling streams curve in multitudes. Resembling the famous cluster Messier 13 in Hercules, it is known to be actually a minor universe of whirling suns on the outskirts of our own great Universe, and at a distance of at least 50,000 light-years away, possibly much more. Vast distances separate these suns as they speed on their courses, and, if we were on a world attached to one of them, we know that our Sun would be scarcely perceptible even through the largest of our telescopes. Instead, the heavens would be bespangled with something like a hundred bright stars for every one we possess in our terrestrial sky.

Though presenting a glorious sight through a powerful telescope Messier 2 is quite invisible to the naked-eye, but may be seen as a very faint patch of luminosity with powerful field-glasses on a clear, dark night. Think of all that represents!

G. F. M.

## Little Portraits

### HANDEL



ROUBILLAC'S statue in the Abbey shows him moulded in colossal calm, but rarely was he calm.

He had no time. He lived 75 years but they were not enough for him to do all he dreamed of doing, and when he died this old blind musician had still many grand themes in his mind.

As a younger man he delighted in gay costume. He went abroad with a sword swinging at his side, and his hand flew to it on more than one occasion, for in spite of a deep religious conviction he was passionate and easily provoked. A fine figure he looked in his shot-silk breeches and his coat embroidered with gold. He walked majestically, the face noble and impressive in repose. Added years gave a rare dignity to his features.

In person he was somewhat unwieldy, like Dr Johnson. He wore a wig, and it is said that his feelings were always indicated by the ease with which it sat on his head. The more agitated he became the more the wig quivered, and when he flew into a fit of ungovernable rage the wig shot off his head.

Someone has recorded that he had prominent black eyebrows and a rather sour expression, but we are assured that his smile was like the sun bursting out of a cloud.

## In Mother's Arms

From Quebec comes a touching little story of a woman and a girl.

An avalanche of rocks and earth roared suddenly down on to an apartment house at St Gregoire de Montmorency, and the house crashed to the ground. After digging into the ruins the rescue workers discovered the body of Madame Corinthin Audet, and in her arms was her one-day-old baby, alive and unhurt.

Afterwards the rescuers found the body of a girl crouching over a living child. Rosa's neck was broken, but she had saved the life of her little sister.

## The Flower Woman

There is no doubt that psychology is the great thing nowadays.

A visitor to New York was coming out of a music-hall one night when he noticed a woman selling gardenias, and stopped to buy one. And this is what the woman was saying to the passers-by.

*I am not starving and I have not got 17 children to feed. I sell flowers because I love flowers and enjoy selling them. If you care to buy they are sixpence each, and I will thank you. If you are not interested, that is your business, and God speed you on your way.*

Needless to say, her flowers sold like hot cakes, and soon her baskets were empty and she went on her way, leaving the visitor with something to think about.

## MAKING THE BAD GOOD

### Italy's Great Idea

#### WILL THIS COUNTRY PLEASE FOLLOW?

A great agricultural authority, Mr Christopher Turnor, home from a survey of the Italian land reclamation areas, asks why Britain should not put her hand to the work of making the waste land blossom. He has been greatly impressed by what he saw.

We have, it is true, no such problems to tackle as vast malarial marshes and sandy plains, but we have great areas of rough grass, worth little or nothing in the land market, with no buyers offering. These may not be deserts in the true sense, but they are wasted land.

They do not lack water, like the Sahara, for ours is a land blessed with an abundant rainfall. What they lack is determined planning and intelligent cultivation. We can and must make much of them.

#### Making Land

The latest steps in Italian land reclamation are being taken in Apulia, a peculiarly arid region in the heel of the peninsula, and in the valley of the Volturno. The plan is to provide an additional 2000 farms, thus making life secure for perhaps 20,000 men, women, and children. The total area to be treated is about 125,000 acres.

In effect, by taking thought Italy will increase her effective area by 125,000 acres. It means great cost and much labour. The Italians have a word for this work: it is *Bonifica*, meaning to make the bad good.

We have not to make land, but to improve it. We have millions of acres which might become flourishing farms, giving health and wealth in peace, and security in war.

## SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Here are details of the broadcasts to schools for next week.

#### England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Science and Gardening—Pruning Trained Trees: by C. F. Lawrance. 2.30 Preparatory Concert Lessons—Shepherd Music: by J. W. Horton.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Physical Training (for use in halls). 11.25 History in the Making. 11.45 Physical Training (for use in classrooms). 2.5 Our Parish—At the Rural District Council. 2.30 Poetry. 3.0 Concert Lesson—Fugue: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 World History—Hadrian: by E. A. Craddock. 2.30 Biology—Vitamins: by H. Munro Fox.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Science and the Farmer—The Story of Cotton: by J. H. Kirk. 2.5 Nature Study—Christmas Decorations: by Eric Parker. 2.30 British History—Craftsmen in Towns: by P. D. Thompson.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Travel Talk—An Indian Village: by F. McDermott. 2.45 Some Folk Tales. 3.10 Helping the Farmer—A description of the work done at Rothamsted Experimental Station. 3.35 Roger Bacon: by Professor Lancelot Hogben.

#### Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 and 11.45 As National. 2.5 Round the Village—The Roadmaker: by John R. Allan. 2.30 Book Talks (The Black Tulip, by Alexandre Dumas): by W. M. Clyde. 3.0 As National.

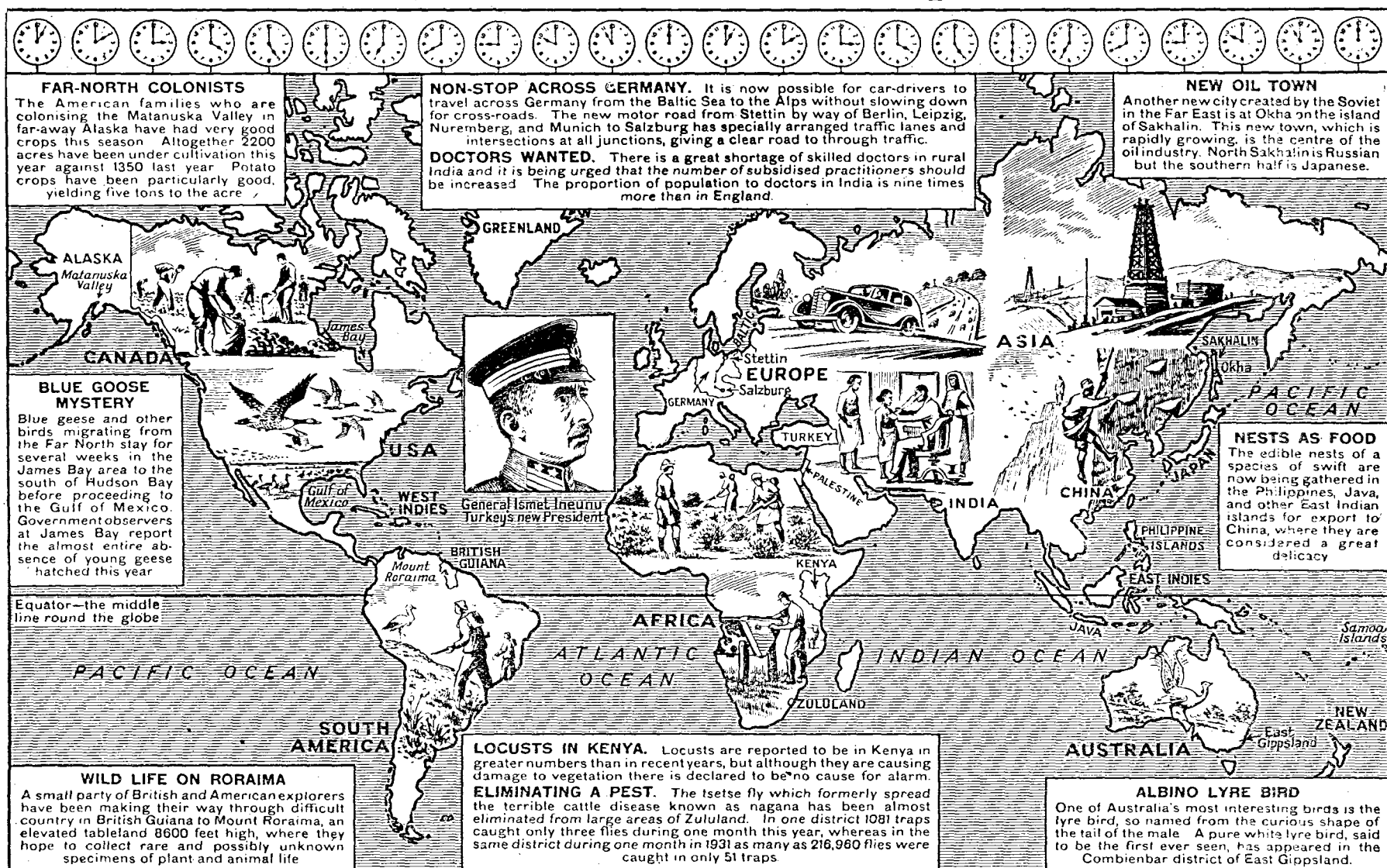
WEDNESDAY, 11.45 Speech Training for Juniors: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Biology—Food in other Lands: by A. D. Peacock.

THURSDAY, 11.0 Intermediate French. 2.5 Music (Sharps and Flats—Keys—How to find "doh"): by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Nature Study—How to Make an Aquarium: by C. H. O'Donoghue. 3.5 Scottish History—Housing and Domestic Life: by R. L. Mackie.

FRIDAY, 2.5 British Empire Geography—The New World (From Farm to Ship): by C. H. O'Donoghue. 2.45 Some Poems by Newbolt.



# CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



## IS MARS ALIVE OR DEAD?

### Astronomers Giving Up Hope

It would seem that the astronomers have abandoned any hope that there may be life on Mars. The Astronomer Royal said the other day:

*Life probably flourished there millions of years ago, but it has been dried up with the atmosphere, and has probably by now become almost impossible. It is practically certain, in the light of modern knowledge, that no forms of life exist on the other planets.*

Jupiter is a big rocky world about 88,000 miles in diameter, with an atmosphere extending 6000 miles outwards, and so dense that the pressure is equal to about a million tons per square inch. We cannot conceive that life can exist in such conditions.

Venus and Mars are the only two planets which are at all likely to support life. It has been impossible to detect any oxygen on Venus, but there is an enormous quantity of carbon dioxide around it which makes it almost certain that there cannot be very much, if any, plant life, and almost certainly no higher forms of life.

It is melancholy to resign the hope that our near neighbours in space, the sun's satellites, may be inhabited. What of other planets attached to other stars, stars beside which our own sun is a pigmy? Unfortunately, science offers little hope that man will ever be able to pierce their secrets, yet we may hope that some of them are busy worlds.

### Last Month's Weather

| LONDON                   | RAINFALL | FALMOUTH  |
|--------------------------|----------|-----------|
| Rainfall . . . 2'12 ins. |          | 5'31 ins. |
| Sunshine . . . 111 hrs.  |          | 3'54 ins. |
| Dry days . . . 17        |          | 3'30 ins. |
| Wet days . . . 14        |          | 3'07 ins. |
| Wettest day . . . 3rd    |          | 2'95 ins. |
| Warmest day . . . 9th    |          | 2'55 ins. |
| Coldest day . . . 27th   |          | 2'28 ins. |

## Cricket in the South Seas

A minister has been describing a cricket match in which he played at Fangelele in Eastern Samoa.

They began at seven in the morning, and found a pitch twice as long as usual. It was crossed by a stream and hampered by some mounds of earth, but these only acted as aids to the energetic efforts of the bowler. Then there was only one stump at each end instead of our three, and the bat looked like a small oar.

The batsman's job was to keep his end up, and above all to guard himself against the furious bowling.

The enthusiasm in the crowd was intense and noisy, and when any batsman was out all the players rolled on the ground, jumped into the air, and rushed about in a frenzy of delight, and so on until the last man was vanquished.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of November 1913

Japan and her A B C. The wise men of Japan wish their nation to go to school again—to learn the A B C. This does not mean that the Japanese cannot read or write, for reading and writing were common in the East long before they were in the West. But the writing of Japan is in Chinese characters—not the modern Chinese, but the written language which was used in China up to five centuries ago. What the wise men of Japan seek to impose upon their fellows is the writing of the West in general, and of England in particular.

The Japanese alphabet is made up of thousands of characters, and takes years to learn. The English alphabet, with its twenty-six letters, can be learned in a few weeks.

It is suggested that in future the English alphabet shall be taught in all the schools of Japan.

## Toffee-Maker to the King

We understand that Princess Elizabeth, who is taking cookery lessons, is delighted that she may now make toffee.

Once a week toffee-time comes round, and already she has made several kinds of butter toffee in the palace kitchen. We hear that a week or two ago she made what are called Half Sermons and Full Sermons, quaint names given to an old-fashioned Scottish peppermint intended to be eaten in church, one lasting a quarter of an hour, the other half an hour.

The recipe is one the Queen knew when she was a child at Glamis Castle.

## Sad News

Most of us have read about Rawhide and Jellyroll, Grey Owl's pet beavers, and now comes the sad news from Canada that Rawhide has disappeared.

He had not been well for some time, and one night he slipped away from Beaver Lodge and has not come back. It is seven years since Grey Owl placed the two beavers at Beaver Lodge, on the shores of Ajawaan Lake in Prince Albert National Park, and poor Jellyroll is at last left without her mate.

## The Fairy Bicycle

Road-racing on bicycles has led to the production of light machines which would have astonished the cyclists of a generation since. While exceedingly light, they are far stronger than the ordinary roadster machines of the beginning of the century.

The frames are light steel such as is used in aeroplanes. Alloys of various sorts are employed as the materials of the various parts. Not an ounce of metal is wasted in unnecessary weight.

## THE REAL FOUNDERS OF NEW ZEALAND

### Peacemaking Missionaries

The enterprising people of New Zealand are preparing to celebrate in 1940 the centenary of British rule over their islands.

A timely reminder has been given to New Zealand by the Professor of History at Auckland that the missionaries were settled in the islands for a quarter of a century before New Zealand became a colony, and had a greater influence than many people now realise.

The British Government's decision nearly a hundred years ago to annex New Zealand was undertaken at the instigation of the missionaries. They wanted to secure good government for what had become a No Man's Land, and also wanted the authority of the Government to protect the natives from unscrupulous settlers and traders.

The missionaries began their work in 1814, and were the most important civilising element mainly responsible for shaping Britain's policy. Even after the British Government had taken the first step towards hoisting the flag over New Zealand British power largely depended on the influence of the missionaries over the natives. The missionary introduced the arts, comforts, and morality of civilisation; he became the peacemaker among warring tribes; he was the first explorer and settler.

On the labours of these devoted men have been built the fortunes of New Zealand's 1,500,000 people of today.

## Linking the World by Letters

Many are the life-long friendships that have been made through the International Friendship League, whose headquarters are at Boston, U S A.

Since the League came into being seven years ago millions of letters have been sent from American schoolchildren to children in 64 countries.



## RAILWAYS BADLY HIT

### Their Enterprise Has Not Saved Them

British railways are doing very badly this year. The companies have been exceedingly enterprising, but have failed to make a profit. Their standard revenue, as fixed by Parliament, is £50,000,000 a year; they will close 1938 with hardly £30,000,000.

What is the cause? There has been decline of trade, but this is not the main trouble. Nor is it passenger traffic, which has been well maintained. The chief cause is that road competition continuously increases.

Carriage of goods by road is so convenient that the railways cannot compete. Take bricks as an example. Not many years ago bricks were moved by rail. Now lorries take them direct from the brickyard to the building site, saving time and breakage. So it is with a host of things. Many manufacturers now maintain fleets of lorries of their own and never use the railways.

Facing this loss of traffic, the railways have yet had to pay higher wages and more for materials.

It seems to us that something has yet to be done to extend door-to-door traffic by the railways.

### The Old Farm Wagons

Lincoln Museum is proposing to rescue a Norman building from its use as a builder's store and adapt it as a museum for farm wagons and other agricultural implements now passing out of use.

There are wagons still used in Lincolnshire bearing the dates 1826 and 1838, and these centenarians are excellent examples of the local wheelwright's craft.

## Florence Nightingale's Way Home

A good friend of the C.N. who lives in Cheshire put the Derbyshire volume of the King's England books into his rucksack the other morning and set off to visit Florence Nightingale's home.

He wanted to try to recapture something of the spirit of that morning when Florence Nightingale, while all England was wondering about her, crept quietly home alone, and he sends us this letter about what happened.

FROM Matlock our way lay through Tansley and across Dethick Common for a visit to the tiny hillside church whose bell tinkled out its welcome when Florence Nightingale came home.

It was on Dethick Common that we met an old man resting on one of the old stones which local people say go back to prehistoric times. He told us he had come from Kingsterndale, and was going to see a friend in Wheatcroft to tell him a piece of good news. From Kingsterndale, near Buxton, to Wheatcroft, some four miles east of Matlock, is 17 long miles over hill and dale.

"Surely that is a long way to walk with a piece of news, even for an old friend," we ventured to say; "would not a letter do?"

### Good News

"It would," said the old man, "but I cannot write, and what is 17 or even 20 miles if you have good news for your friends? I often do it, and they often do it for me. That is our way."

So we went on, thinking of that friend of Hector Berlioz (Crispino) who could not write and so, when he had anything to tell the famous composer would tramp the way to Rome. What were thirty leagues to him?

As we reached the brow of the common we saw the tower of Dethick Church among the trees. This must surely be the most quaint way of going to church, for we passed through a farmyard, somebody's backyard, and down a long narrow passage. After a look

round we dropped down the steep hillside, and then up again over Holt Hill, past the memorial to the men of Lea, Holloway, and Dethick who did not come back; and so to Holloway and the gate leading to Lea Hurst, Florence Nightingale's home.

A notice on the gate told us this was the Derbyshire home of Florence Nightingale, and that the garden could be seen by applying at the front door and paying sixpence. To the front door we went, and spent two hours in wandering round.

### A Peaceful Scene

Many gardens are lovely, but this little gem has such a glorious setting of wooded hills and limestone crags that we almost felt, as we looked, that the lily had been gilded.

We sat on a seat under an ancient tree Florence Nightingale would sit on, walked along the paths she knew, under the trees that cast their shadows over her. In the distance we could hear a voice that would be unknown then, the hum of motors on the busy road a mile away. Overhead a great four-engined monoplane roared, marked with a big red cross advertising some hospital fête; we could not help feeling that she would disapprove of this bad way of advertising a good thing. Then all was quiet again (except for the hum of the insects), so quiet that if a lady in a hooped skirt and a poky bonnet had come walking down the path, or sat there knitting comforters for the old folk in the village, we should not have been surprised. It would have well fitted with this house and its peaceful garden, the quiet of the wooded hills around, and the murmuring stream.

The visit over, we walked to the nearest railway station along the most probable road, and liked to think that this perhaps was the road she came along that day.

## TWO MEN AND A PROBLEM

### Good Intentions Gone Astray

Two men were walking in a street in Leeds when they looked up to see a car with neither driver nor occupants moving slowly by the pavement.

One of the two men was impulsive. With him to think was to act. The other was prone to reflect first and act afterwards. The impulsive man, realising that if the car gathered speed there might easily be a serious accident, wrenched open the door, sprang into the driver's seat, and applied the brake.

We may forgive him if he afterwards glanced up at his companion expecting commendation. But his friend had no praise to offer. While the impulsive man had been acting gallantly in the public interest he had been contemplating. He argued that, although cars have been known to run away from time to time, they do not as a rule travel up a slight incline. From this he deduced that if there was no one in the car there must be someone pushing it. He proved to be correct, for as the brake was put on with a jerk a red face looked up above the back of the car and someone wanted to know why someone was interfering with an honest man.

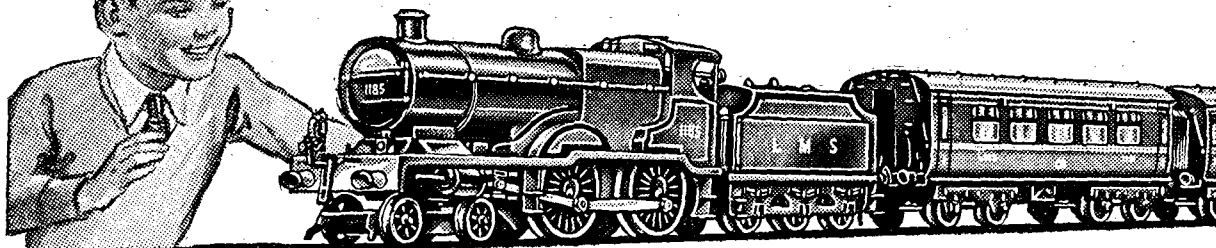
The Duchess in Alice in Wonderland would have found a moral in all this, we feel sure.

### The Flying Chapel

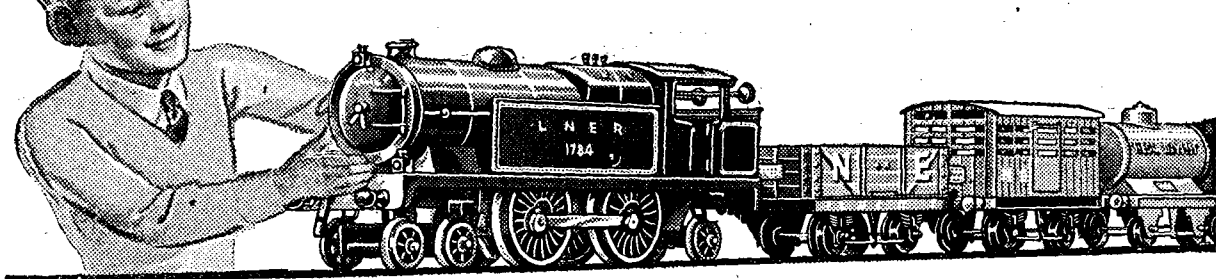
Next year Father Paul Schulte, Canada's Flying Priest, is going to fly up to the eastern Arctic with the world's first winged chapel. He is planning to buy an aeroplane capable of carrying passengers and freight, and will have in it a small but fully-equipped altar.

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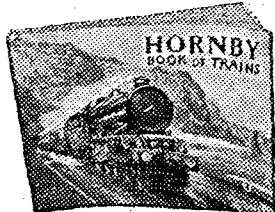
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# MISS TUCKETT'S NEPHEW

By  
T. C. Bridges

## A Trip to Town

### CHAPTER 1

#### Aunt Selina Loses Her Purse

THE train was packed and, though the day was not hot, the carriage was stuffy. Miss Selina Tuckett leaned across to her nephew who sat opposite. "Sam, I'd like the window open a little, please."

Sam obliged, and spoke to his brother Dan, who sat beside him. "These little carriages don't give room to breathe."

"Time they had the American sort," replied Dan.

"You been in America?" asked the man who sat next Miss Tuckett and opposite Dan.

Dan looked at him, and secretly didn't think much of him. He was long and lank, his black hair was plastered with grease, and his eyes were too close together. He wore a decent blue serge suit, but his collar would have been the better for a wash, and so would his hands.

"Some," Dan answered shortly.

The black-haired man refused to be snubbed. "It's a great country," he declared.

Dan did not answer, but Sam did.

"Where were you at?" he asked.

"I been all round," said the man. "From Frisco clear across to Boston."

"You ever been North?" Sam questioned.

"No, I was never in Canada," the other answered quickly, then picked up his paper and began to read, and Sam sat back with a thoughtful look in his eyes. Miss Tuckett too lay back and dozed, and did not rouse until the train pulled into Paddington.

"My goodness, but it's all changed!" she exclaimed, as she picked up her bag and umbrella and stepped on to the platform.

"Likely it is," Sam answered, "seeing you said it was 27 years since you been—I mean, since you were—in London. Come on, Aunt, we'll take one of these taxicabs, like Lady said." They reached a cab, then Miss Tuckett stopped.

"If I haven't forgotten the number! Wait till I look for it."

She opened her bag and suddenly screamed. "I've been robbed. Oh, Sam, my money and all!"

Sam frowned as he looked at the empty bag. "It was that greasy-haired coot, I'll lay a dollar."

A policeman came up. "What's this, ma'am? You say you have been robbed?"

Sam explained. He described the man so accurately that the policeman complimented him. Then he took Miss Tuckett's name and address.

"We'll do our best, ma'am, but I doubt we shall recover your money. How much was it?"

"£3 7s 9d," said Miss Tuckett sadly. "And my pocket-book and my best handkerchief and—all my little things."

"It's not a mite of use worrying, Aunt," Sam said. "And we don't want to be late for lunch. I've got money to pay the cab."

"But I don't know the number," said poor Miss Tuckett.

"I reckon the driver'll know. There aren't many lords living in Chester Square."

"I know the house all right," declared the cabbie, so all three got in and drove off.

"Dan," said Sam, "did you ever see that slick-haired chap before?"

Dan shook his head. "He was kind of like someone I've seen, but I never seen him."

"You noticed how he shied off when I asked him if he'd been North?"

"I did that."

The cab pulled up in front of the quiet-looking house that was Lord Lamburn's home in London, and Roberts, the butler, was smiling at them on the door-step. Lady Lamburn was in the hall to greet them. Her quick eyes noticed at once that Miss Tuckett was upset, and when she heard of the robbery she was full of sympathy.

"I knew the fellow was a crook," Sam growled. "If I'd had any sense I'd have watched him. But I didn't reckon on dips in a train."

"What's a dip, Sam?" Lady Lamburn asked.

"Chap that dips his fingers in other folks' pockets."

"Don't think of it any more," she advised, "but come to lunch. Do you know why I asked you today?"

"Thought maybe you'd like to see us," Sam told her as they took their seats.

She laughed. "Of course I do, Sam, but I didn't drag you all up to town for nothing. We have a private picture this afternoon. A film. One that ought to interest you boys. It shows gold-digging in the North-West."

"And you want us to tell you whether it's right," said Sam, so shrewdly that Lady Lamburn laughed again.

"It is always well to have expert opinion," she admitted, "especially as this is a property in which my husband is interested."

"I don't reckon Dan and me can tell much from a picture, Lady. It's mighty simple to salt any sort of digging."

"What is salting, Sam?"

"Sticking in a few ounces of dust before the panning starts."

She nodded. "I see. But this is just a film of gold-washing, and I know your aunt will be interested."

"I shall indeed," declared Miss Tuckett.

"The boys have told me about it but I never could understand how it was done."

Lunch over, they chatted awhile, then the car came round and they drove to an address in Westminster. There was a shop on the ground floor. Above was a small hall, where they were met by a smartly dressed man who was introduced to Miss Tuckett and her nephews as Mr Hugh Langdale. Langdale was about 40, tall, well set up. He had sandy hair and very pale blue eyes.

"He don't look to me like a sour-dough," Sam whispered to Lord Lamburn.

"A miner, you mean," said his lordship.

"He isn't; he is a mining engineer."

Only about a dozen people were there to see the film. The hall was darkened, and the operator started. Langdale sat next to the Lamburns, the boys just behind.

First an Arctic scene was shown. There was the river thick with ice and the hills deep in snow under the pale light of a winter sun. The only life was a dog sledge with two men which passed swiftly over the frozen snow. Then came spring, the ice melting, and being carried down by the freed waters, great cakes crashing and tumbling. The scene changed to summer, the river free from ice, the trees in full foliage, birds flying and a pair of chipmunks playing on a flowery bank.

Now men appeared. One went down to the river carrying a steel pan about 15 inches across and a shovel. He filled the pan with gravel and, squatting down, began twirling it, now and then dipping it in the water. By degrees the larger pebbles and stones were flung out, then the smaller, until nothing but sand was left. More water, more twirling, but gently now.

Sam and Dan were leaning forward eagerly, then suddenly the picture changed and only the pan was shown with its face to the audience. In it was a streak of dark iron sand and—behind this—a little trail of bright flakes. "Colour!" cried Sam.

### CHAPTER 2

#### Sam is Indignant

LANGDALE turned quickly and glanced at Sam but did not speak. The picture changed again. Now a ditch had been cut, bringing water from up the river, and a set of sluice boxes had been built. There were bars at the top of the long sloping trough into which men were heaping gravel from the river. The bars prevented the large stones from getting into the trough, and the flat bottom of the trough itself was set with cross bars, called riffles, which caught the flakes of heavy gold as they were washed down the trough.

It was old stuff to the boys, who had helped their father in this kind of work since they were big enough to handle a shovel. Yet Sam's face was eager as he leaned forward. He nudged Dan.

"That long fellow," he whispered—"chap with black whiskers. You recognise him?"

Dan nodded. "It's that skunk Brad Outerson," he whispered back.

"You're right, Dan! But that wasn't what I was thinking. He's the chap that was in the train, the one that robbed Aunt."

Sam sat back again, but his thoughts were racing. There was something crooked about this business. It was too much of a coincidence that this fellow Outerson, who had been thrown out of the Cascade Creek settlement for robbing a cache—that is, a food store—should be here in London. There was something fishy about the whole business, and it was up to him to tell Lord Lamburn the story.

The film ended, lights were turned up, everyone began to move. Sam saw that Lord and Lady Lamburn were talking to some of their friends and that he would have to wait for a better chance.

"What did you think of it, Mr Tuckett?" came a voice, and Sam realised that Langdale was speaking to him.

"A right nice picture," Sam said politely.

"I value your opinion," said Langdale, "for I understand you and your brother hail from that part of the world and have done a good deal of prospecting with your father."

Continued on page 14

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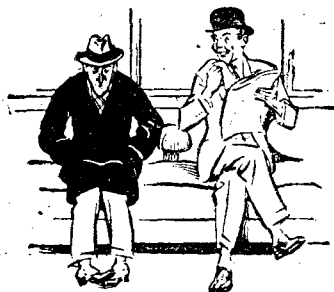
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Continued from page 13

"That's a fact," Sam agreed. "Where were you digging?" Langdale inquired.

"Cascade Creek." The other nodded. "That's only about 50 miles from Blue Springs where my property is situated. I am getting a good quality of flake gold. I have some samples which I should like to show you. Will you come into my office?"

"Sure," said Sam, and he followed Langdale into the office, which opened off the hall. Langdale unlocked a safe and brought out four small buckskin bags containing gold dust. Sam examined it.

"Pretty good grade," he said, then he looked Langdale straight in the face. "Who was that chap with the black whiskers in the picture?" he asked bluntly.

"One of my men. Not a beauty. Did his face scare you?"

"Faces ain't very apt to scare me," Sam replied. "What scared me was to see him doing a day's work."

Langdale started slightly. "What do you mean? Do you know him?"

"Dan and me, we know him all right," Sam answered. "And we know he's seven kinds of a skunk."

"Why do you say that?" asked the other, staring hard at Sam.

"Because he's a cache robber. He stole the grub from old Pete Lanahan's shack, all his winter stuff. They ran him out of the country, and he was lucky to get off that cheap."

Langdale shrugged. "I didn't know anything about that. He was just a man I hired for a few days."

"And you didn't know he was in England?"

Now there was no doubt about it. Langdale was frightened. "How do you know?" he asked sharply.

"Because I saw him this morning."

"I had no idea of that," said Langdale uncomfortably. He paused a moment, then went on. "As a favour to me I will ask you not to mention this to Lord Lamburn."

"Why shouldn't I?"

Langdale shrugged again.

"Because it may upset the formation of my company, of which I hope Lord Lamburn will be a director." He picked up a gold bag. "There's ten ounces in that; £70 worth. I'll make you a present of it if you'll keep your mouth shut."

Sam did not lose his temper easily, but

now he saw red. His fist shot out and Langdale staggered back from a blow on the jaw such as he would never have believed a boy of 14 capable of striking. In a fury he hit back, and Sam went flat to the floor and lay stunned. The man looked down at him with an evil smile.

"I'll have Lamburn's signature before the young fool comes round," he remarked, and stepped towards his desk.

Before he reached it something hit him from behind like a battering ram. Plunged off his balance, he plunged forward, and his head struck the front of the desk with a force that knocked the senses out of him. Dan stood over him.

"That'll learn you to beat up Sam," he said fiercely, and next moment in rushed Lord Lamburn and two of his friends.

"What's this, Dan?" demanded Lord Lamburn angrily.

Dan faced him doggedly.

"That man"—pointing to Langdale—"took Sam in here. I reckoned he was a crook, so I listened at the door. I heard him hit Sam, and came in and butted him."

There was a moment of amazed silence, then Lord Lamburn stooped, picked up Sam, and laid him on the couch.

"He's had a bad blow," he said, pointing to Sam's red and swollen jaw.

"Nothing to what Langdale's got," replied one of his friends, a man who looked like an army officer. He turned to Dan. "Why do you think Langdale is a crook?"

Very briefly Dan told of Brad Outerson. "And he's the fellow that stole Aunt Selina's purse in the train," he ended.

The soldier nodded.

"It looks, to me, Lamburn, as if the boy is right. Probably the purse was stolen in order to prevent these boys from attending the show. Langdale was afraid they might give him away."

Lord Lamburn looked very grave, and just then Sam stirred and opened his eyes. He glanced round and saw Langdale on the floor. "You do that, Dan?" he asked.

"I'll do it to any chap that hits you."

"What happened, Sam?" Lord Lamburn asked, and Sam told how Langdale had tried to bribe him. "So I socked him one," Sam said; "but he got back on me, and that's all I knew till I came round."

Lord Lamburn spoke. "Sam, you and Dan have saved me a pot of money. I am uncommonly grateful to you."

"Then don't say any more about it," said Sam. "We'd do as much for any friend."

## JACKO HAS A PLEASANT AFTERNOON

JACKO found the Monkeyville Museum a most entrancing place.

Many a winter's afternoon he spent wandering round, examining the exhibits, and wishing they were alive and kicking instead of mere stuffed dummies.

There was one animal, a superb tiger, that especially drew his admiration.

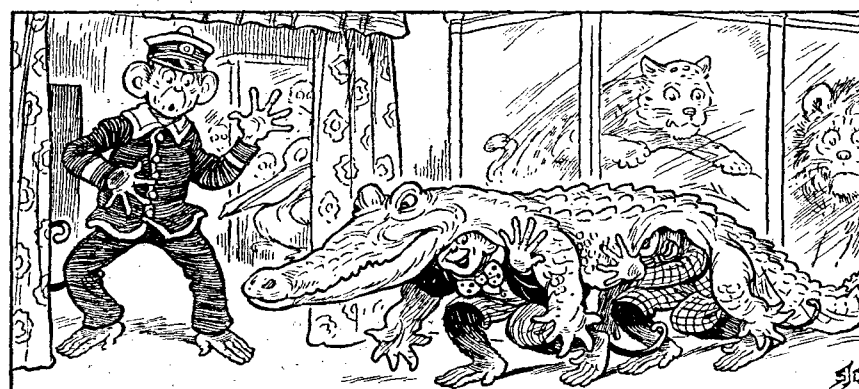
"That's a grand feller!" he told Chimp one day. "I'd like to have been the chap who shot him."

"Nasty-tempered beggar," commented Chimp, as they went off into another room.

This one was devoted to sea creatures. Hungry-looking alligators and cruel crocodiles glared at the boys from behind the glass.

These cases too were being cleaned, and some were wide open. Jacko looked cautiously round.

There was nobody about.



"Mercy on us!" cried the terrified man

"If I met anything half that size," answered Chimp, "I'd make for the nearest tree."

But Jacko wasn't paying attention. He had just noticed something. The door of the tiger's case was ajar!

It happened that the specimens were being cleaned, and the man in charge had gone off on an errand. He got back in time to see Jacko pull the door wide open and put his hand in.

He was on him in a flash.

"Hi!" he cried. "Hands off, or there'll be trouble."

A few minutes later the attendant in the far room heard a noise and looked up.

His jaw fell and his eyes popped almost out of his head. And no wonder. Crawling towards him along the polished floor came a huge crocodile.

"Mercy on us!" cried the terrified man, starting back.

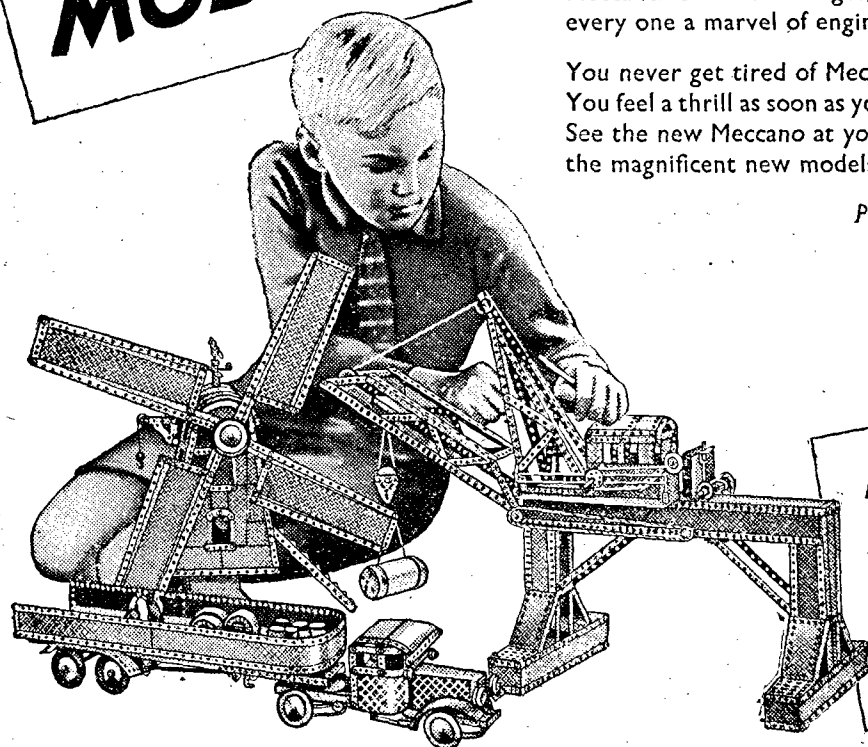
And then there was a gurgling and a splutter. The front legs of the creature collapsed; then the back; and two figures, with tousled heads, scrambled out from underneath the crocodile skin, and ran for their lives.



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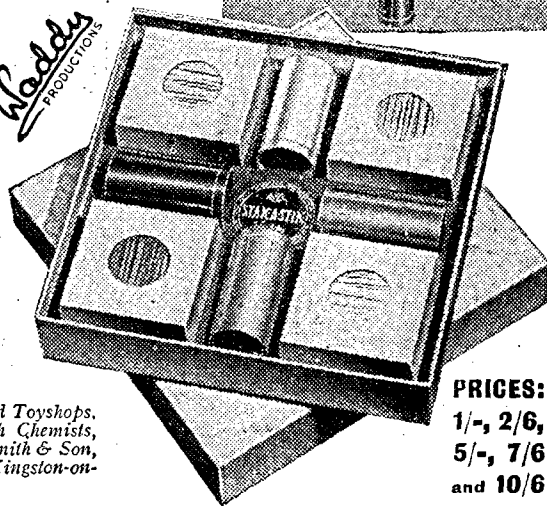
If you haven't played Stak-a-Stik yet you've missed one of the grandest games out. Take home a box today and gather round the fire-side with your friends and family, and watch their eyes glisten as you introduce them to this new thrill.

The stack illustrated here contains 7,000 sticks and was built by a girl of 15, without any previous experience whatsoever. So you can see what can be done! Any number of players can take part, and the game has many exciting variations.

"Stak-a-Stik" will make any party go with a swing. No more dull evenings, no more "don't-know-what-to-do" tiresome hours, no more family squalls when you have Stak-a-Stik in the house!

On Sale at all Stationers, Stores and Toyshops. Order from branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Timothy White & Taylors, W. H. Smith & Son, Wyman & Sons, or from Bentalls, Kingston-on-Thames.

Waddy  
PRODUCTIONS



PRICES:  
1/-, 2/6,  
5/-, 7/6  
and 10/6



**Be  
Tireless!  
Thriving!  
Tough!**  
by the

Healthy, hardy, full of vigour and free from cold and illness, a strong constitution, plucky as they make them by regularly taking—

# OXO

**Beef—for Strength**



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 26, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis, Street, E.C.4.

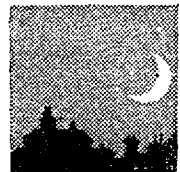
## THE BRAN TUB

### The Catch

There was a young rascal of Mold Who never did what he was told. He borrowed Pa's rod, And went fishing for cod. But all that he caught was a cold.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Jupiter is in the south-west, Saturn is in the south, and Uranus in the south-east. In the morning Mars is in the east, and Venus will be seen low in the south-east. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at eight o'clock on Sunday evening, November 27.



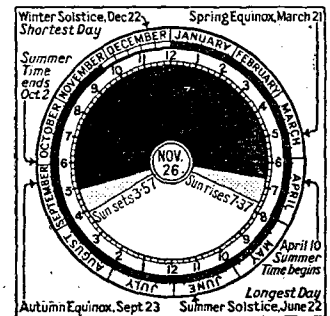
### Arithmetical Problem

IN buying two gifts to give to two friends Isabel found that the change from a £10 note was equal to half the difference between the gifts. One cost three times as much as the other.

How much did each cost? *Answer next week*

### The C N Calendar

THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on November 26. The black section of the circle under the months



shows at a glance how much of the year has already gone. The days are now getting shorter.

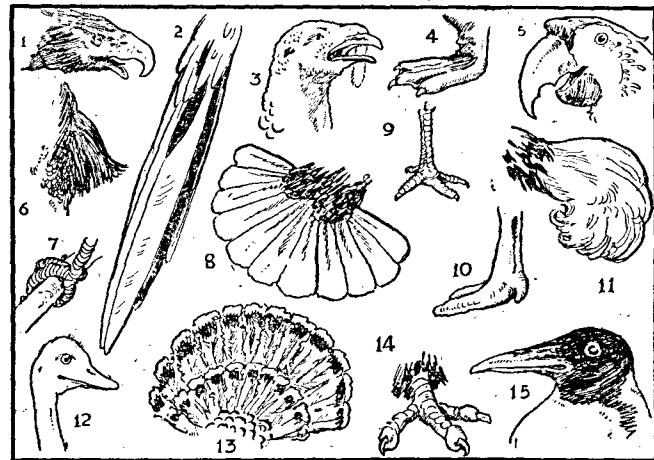
## IDENTIFY THESE BEAKS, CLAWS, AND TAILS

WITH Christmas not far ahead most girls and boys will appreciate the opportunity for making some extra pocket-money. Why not try to win one of the Editor's prizes?

There are two prizes of ten shillings each and 25 half-

crowns for girls and boys of 15 or under who send the best-written correct or nearest correct entries for this simple contest.

The beaks, tails, and claws of five birds are shown here. Can you identify the birds and sort out the parts cor-



### What Happened on Your Birthday

Nov. 27. Horace died . . . 8 BC  
28. Edward, Duke of Warwick, beheaded . . . 1499  
29. Maria Theresa died . . . 1780  
30. Jonathan Swift born . . . 1667  
Dec. 1. Charles I imprisoned in Hurst Castle . . . 1648  
2. Napoleon crowned . . . 1804  
3. Robert Bloomfield born . . . 1766

### A Difficult Task

HERE is a good trick that always causes fun.

Ask someone to stand straight up and then cross his legs above the knees. Now place a chair behind him and ask him to sit down without uncrossing his legs and without moving his feet from the ground. If he keeps his feet quite still in the same position

as they were when he crossed his legs he will probably be unable to sit down at all.

If the legs are crossed below the knees, though, it will be found quite easy to sit down without moving the feet.

### Ici on Parle Français



J'ai été en Ecosse voir l'Exposition. Nous y sommes allés dans un long train avec une énorme machine.

I have been to Scotland to see the Exhibition. We went in a long train with a huge engine.

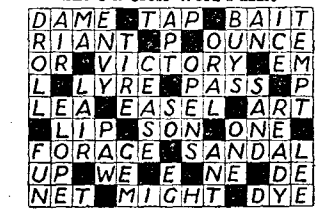
### This Week in Nature

A WINTER visitor to our coasts is the brent-geese. This dark-coloured bird is only about the size of a duck, and feeds on sea vegetation. The brent-geese breeds in the Arctic regions.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Arithmetical Problem. The fire was alight 15 hours a day.

Is This Your County? Lincoln  
Anagram. Lucie, cruel, ulcer  
The C N Cross Word Puzzle



## FIVE-MINUTE STORY

PAT WILLIAMS was wildly excited over his first visit to London. His father had to meet a business friend at one of the big hotels, and Pat was to go with him.

But when he was booking their room the reception clerk said, "Here's an urgent letter for you, sir," and Mr Williams, opening it hastily, found that his friend was leaving London that night, and he must hurry to his room.

"Sorry, old man," he said to Pat, "but you had better not come. Go up to our room, No 36, end of the corridor on the second floor. I shan't be very long," he added.

Pat was too shy to ask the way, so he picked up his bag as soon as his father had gone.

The long corridor with its tightly shut doors made him feel still more nervous, and, while scanning their numbers anxiously, he forgot whether his father had said 26 or 36.

"I shall look a donkey if I have to go down again to ask my number," thought Pat. "But Dad said the end of the corridor, and there's the last door standing open."

He hurried into a very small apartment and looked round him in bewilderment.

"Where's the bed?" he thought. "It's frightfully

small, this room, with the door taking up all one side too. How does one shut it?"

He pulled gently at a brass handle as he mused, and to his relief the door slid to. Now he was safe from curious eyes; but his own were very full of curiosity as he looked about. Its panelled walls were bare of pictures or ornaments. A padded seat ran the length of the side opposite the door.

Pat stared at three knobs, and wondered if they rang bells or switched on the light. Pushing one gently, he found to his dismay that the room began to sink beneath him!

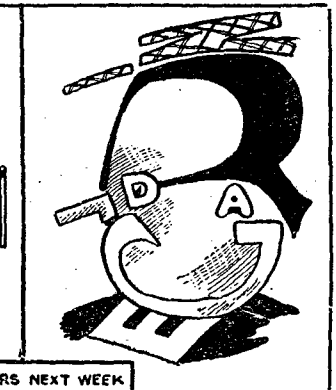
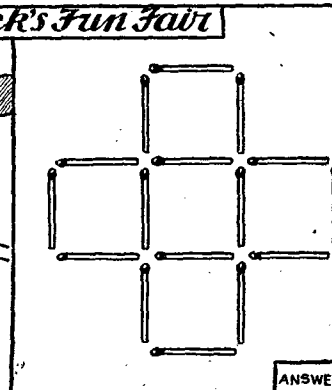
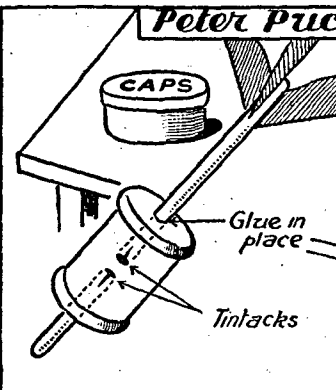
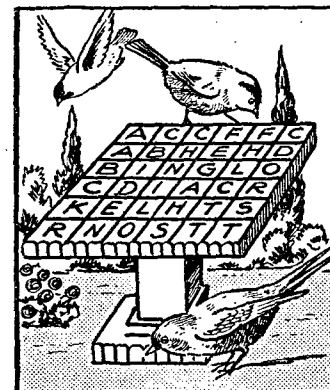
## THE LITTLE ROOM

Soon he was in the hall again, and a page-boy came to open the door and hand him a key.

"No 36, sir? I was coming up to bring your key as you forgot to take it."

The page-boy, who looked about Pat's age, got in beside Pat, slammed the door, pressed a knob, and up went the little room again.

Pat chuckled softly when he was safely behind the door of No 36, which was furnished in the usual style for a hotel bedroom. "How Dad would grin!" he thought. "I shan't tell him about it, but I'll always remember my first ride in a lift."



Divide the bird-table into four parts of the same shape and size so that each part contains the letters spelling the name of a bird.

Make this dart with a meat-skewer, cotton-reel, paper flight, and so on. Place a cap between the tin-tacks, throw the dart in the air, and the cap will explode when the dart lands.

Can you move four matches and leave three squares only?

What is this fellow's name? Arrange the letters forming the portrait to spell his Christian name.

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## ARTHUR MEE'S RAINBOW BOOKS

### Better Than Christmas Cards

Arthur Mee has written eight lovely little books which you can buy for a shilling each, put in your pocket, read in an hour, and send away as Christmas cards.

### THE BROKEN DREAM OF WILBUR WRIGHT

### CHRIST PASSING BY

### LITTLE BROTHER ISHI

### 100 LOVELY THINGS

### GOOD-MORNING, YOUNG ENGLAND

### LIFE CALLS TO YOUTH

### OUR LIFE'S STAR

### SHALL WE LIVE AGAIN?

Hodder & Stoughton 1s

## DINGY TEETH NOW WHITENED EASILY! MAGNESIA DOES IT.

A real discovery has been made about the teeth. Readers who are tired of trying new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth white overnight should try what actually does whiten teeth—surely and safely.

From the time you begin to use this simple chemistry on your teeth they will be distinctly whiter. You won't have to imagine the improvement. You can see it plainly. Your friends will notice it. Phillips' Dental Magnesia is what you use, and the duldest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

This is no trouble, takes no extra time. Simply get the dentifrice which the dental profession now recommends for care of the teeth—Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It contains 'Milk of Magnesia,' which dissolves all stains. Ordinary dentifrices with magnesia in them may not do any harm, but they do not give the whitening action of 'Milk of Magnesia.'

But dentists are urging the use of this dentifrice for other reasons! Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' is the most effective neutralizer of destructive mouth acids that has yet come to light. Tartar makes little headway in the mouth that is kept alkaline by regular use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard and the gumline fortified. And, as we have said, the teeth as white as if they had been "bleached." The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

## IRREGULARITY KEEPS A CHILD BACK

Unless the system moves regularly your child will be weakly, peevish, dull and stunted. So if your child is irregular, attend to it without delay. But be careful what you give, because purging weakens a child and leaves the system more bound than ever.

Doctors and nurses everywhere advise 'California Syrup of Figs,' because they know that to cure irregularity you must use a liquid laxative so that you can regulate the dose as the system acts naturally. You should never give strong purgatives to children.

Give your children a regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' and see how they love it, how it helps them to grow and thrive. Be sure to get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size) of all chemists.